# The Nation.

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## The Week.

The action of the Democrats in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut in turning their backs formally upon free silver and Bryanism, deprives the Republicans of the inestimable aid of the "sound-money" gag in this year's campaigns. These are the three doubtful States in the East which were compelled to give their support to McKinley in 1896 by the surrender of the Democratic party of the whole country to Bryan. So long as the Democrats in these as well as other States adhered to the platform of 1896, there was nothing for voters who believed in sound money to do but to train with the Republicans. They could not vote with a party which declared its purpose to give the country free silver if it were trusted with power. The Democrats in the East have at last discovered the folly of conducting their party in the interest of their opponents. They have discovered that free silver is a dead issue, and that no party which favors it can succeed at the polls. The change of front here will have a powerful influence upon the Democrats in other parts of the country. It sounds the doom of Bryan, and thus rids us of our most serious national menace. The effect will be good in many ways, but in none more so than in showing the Republicans that they will need to do something more for currency reform than to declare in favor of it in their party platforms.

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Nothing has been more striking in the conventions of our two great parties in this State than the reception each gave to its boss. Platt was the hero and idol of the Republican assemblage. The cheers which greeted him made those for the hero of San Juan hill seem feeble. It was the "old man" whom the delegates loved and delighted to honor, and their only desire was to do what he wished them to, asking no questions. So, in the Syracuse convention, Croker was the man whose every appearance aroused the delegates to a transport of enthusiasm. Hill, Murphy, and other minor leaders were as nothing compared with the boss. What is the reason for this? Why do the delegates so love their bosses? Quigg says they love Platt because "age has mellowed him," but Quigg is always rather poetical in his views. They love him on the old principle, "Blessed be the hand that gives." Every man of them knows that when he wants money with which to conduct his campaign for either nomination or election, all he has to do is to call on the "old man" at No. 49 Broadway, and he will get what he needs, provided always that he has been regular—has done in every instance "what the old man wants." It is the same in Croker's case. He sits at the seat of customs for the great city of New York. All the party supplies must come through him. Demonstrations of affection are natural, spontaneous even, under such conditions. The sad fate of any man who is not enthusiastic, who ventures to do in any instance otherwise than his boss desires him to do, is of itself a constant incentive to affection.

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The New York Democratic State platform is as long and windy as that of the Republicans. It is confined almost exclusively to State issues, and in that particular is better than the other. It contains no Jingoism. In that respect the Republican platform is as bad as possible. The Democrats "arraign" the Republicans justly for rascality in the management of the canals. For this they have a clear warrant, and it is not unlikely that they will gain a good many votes on that issue. They accuse Col. Roosevelt of tax-dodging, and here too they will probably gain votes in the rural communities. In the cities, where the incongruity of the tax laws is better understood, very few if any votes will be lost by the Republicans on that issue. The Democrats have avoided the silver issue and have not even endorsed the Chicago platform, having simply ignored the whole matter. This is better than reaffirming that platform, but is still much behind the Republican platform, although the latter left something to be desired. Finally, the Democrats denounce in fitting terms the "Metropolitan Force bill." This unconstitutional and usurping measure will come in play for the first time at the coming election, and will do the Republicans more harm in Greater New York than Col. Roosevelt's "tax-dodging" ten times over.

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So far as personal character is concerned, there is nothing to be said against either candidate for the governorship in this State. Judge Van Wyck, so far as we have any knowledge of him, is in this respect as completely above reproach as Col. Roosevelt is. He has been an upright and competent judge, is a man of pleasing manners and fine attainments, and enjoys the respect and esteem of his neighbors and fellow-citizens. Between two such candidates it becomes simply a question of which will be more likely to act independently of his boss after election. To decide this question we must take into account the circumstances surrounding the nomination of each, and the traits of character which each has exhibited in his previous career. That Col. Roosevelt would go into the office of Governor more distinctly the choice of the people than Judge Van Wyck would, cannot be questioned. He would thus have a popular support for independent conduct which the Judge would not have. Then, too, Col. Roosevelt has had many opportunities to demonstrate his mettle as an independent, fearless exponent of good government, while Judge Van Wyck has had none. As a Civil-Service Reform Commissioner under President Harrison, Roosevelt left no doubt in anybody's mind about either his ability or his courage to uphold good government in spite of all obstacles. As Police Commissioner in this city he displayed again the same qualities. Nobody who has followed his career can doubt that in him, as Governor, civil-service reform would have a champion whom nothing could intimidate or seduce. On this and all other questions of civil administration Judge Van Wyck has no record whatever. He is simply untried, whereas Col. Roosevelt has been tried and not found wanting. It is impossible also to separate Judge Van Wyck from his environment. If he is elected, he will go into office as the personal choice of Croker, approved by McLaughlin, the local boss of Brooklyn. We should then have one Van Wyck, chosen by Croker personally, as Mayor of New York city, and another Van Wyck, chosen in the same way, as Governor of the State. Can any one imagine Gov. Van Wyck opposing legislation for New York city which Mayor Van Wyck desired? And does Mayor Van Wyck desire anything except what Croker desires? This would be, indeed, a "vicious circle."

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A glimpse of one of the forces which will be behind the Democratic canvass in this State is furnished in the *Tribune's* Albany letter in the statement that the party will have the aid of "ample funds from the brewers, who desire to have taxation lowered under the Raines liquor-tax law." That the liquor interests of the State will work against Roosevelt is a fact that has been self-evident from the outset. This city, and probably all the other large cities of the State, are now in a more or less "wide-open" condition so far as the sale of liquor on Sundays and after legal hours is concerned. The most casual examination of the saloons in this borough and in that of Brooklyn on any Sunday will leave no doubt on this point. The Democratic managers will not be slow to raise the cry that to elect Roosevelt will be to close up all the saloons. In fact, that cry has been raised already and is being used with all possible force in all the cities of

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the State. If in addition to guaranteeing continued "wide-openness" in case of Van Wyck's election, the Tammany-Democratic managers are willing to guarantee a reduced liquor tax, they are likely to arouse great enthusiasm for Van Wyck in all the centres of liquor activity, and the vote from that quarter will be even more "solid" than usual. The matter will need to be handled with great care in the rural districts, and to a certain extent in the cities also, for there are a good many voters who object to a liquor domination of their government.

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"Attempted assassination of character has been almost the sole weapon of attack employed by Senator Quay's opponents for several years." So says his colleague, Senator Penrose, in an interview published in the newspapers on Tuesday. Fortunately, Mr. Quay's opponents have changed their tactics for once, and have decided to put him under arrest on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the People's Bank of Philadelphia. Of course, this institution had money belonging to the State Treasury on deposit. That is an old trick of Quay's. The money was paid back to the State after the bank had failed, and Quay paid what he owed the bank after it had gone into the hands of a receiver. The case has some features in common with that upon which Senator Kenney of Delaware was lately tried. In the latter case Kenney drew checks on a bank where he had no funds, and the cashier paid them. The bank failed, partly in consequence of these overdrafts, but Kenney afterwards paid his debt in full. His counsel contended in the trial that it was not a crime to make overdrafts on a bank if the bank officers chose to pay them, and if the drawer subsequently made his account good. Upon this plea the jury came to a disagreement and the case has to be tried again. In Quay's case we judge from the affidavit upon which he was arrested, that he caused the State's money to be deposited in the People's Bank and then borrowed it from the bank for private speculations, and that these and other similar borrowings caused the bank's failure. He has, however, like Kenney, paid his debt to the bank, and will contend that that fact "lets him out." Without attempting to prejudge his case, or Kenney's, we may point out the right of the shareholders of the banks to protection against conspiracies between the cashiers and outside speculators. It is no compensation to the shareholders, whose capital is scattered and sequestrated by a receivership, that the rascals who took their money paid it back again.

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The Michigan Democrats declare this year for a constitutional provision by which the electors may first initiate legislation, and then at the polls pass upon "such laws as affect the rights of the citizen and the taxpayer"; while the Wisconsin Democrats proclaim their belief in the referendum, which they define as "the submission of all laws to the vote of the people," pronouncing it "the best and only means of safeguarding both the interests and liberties of the common people and averting oligarchic tendencies." The referendum, however, has existed in Wisconsin ever since its admission as a State, and has been brought into requisition no less than twenty-three times since 1854. The noteworthy feature of these many trials of the system is the fact that, with rare exceptions, only a small percentage of the people have improved the opportunity afforded them. The Milwaukee *Wisconsin* has brought together some interesting and valuable statistics on the subject, which show that in only one case, in 1865, when the proposition was to extend the right of suffrage to the negroes—which, by the way, was defeated by a few thousand majority—did the vote on such a question come anywhere near that for candidates for office. In one year the total vote on some banking legislation proposed was but 30,102, while the total vote on Congressmen was 116,339. In another case, where similar legislation was submitted, 23 counties cast no vote at all on it, while there was a full vote for Congressmen. In fifteen other instances where the referendum was applied, the total vote on such issues was in no case over one-half the total vote on officials, and was often less than one-quarter of the total vote on Governor and Congressmen. There has been no change of late years in this popular disposition to shirk the expression of opinion. In 1892 a proposed amendment to the Constitution received a total vote of only 24,823, while the total vote cast at the same time for elective officials was 371,559.

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That was a weighty deliverance on the subject of territorial expansion which came from Bishop Potter on Wednesday week. Nobody has so clearly and forcibly put in a single phrase the real point at issue, as being, not what are we going to do with the unexpected fruits of victory, but, "rather, the solemn question, What are they going to do with us?" After the riot of sentimentality and hypocrisy in which so many clergymen were carried off their feet, it is refreshing to find a man in high authority in the church who recalls the silly and unbalanced to their senses with the solemn declaration that "at such a time, as never before, the Church of God is called upon, in the pulpit and by every agency at her command, to speak the words of truth and soberness, and to reason of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come—a judgment for nations as well as individuals—till impetuosity is sobered and chastened, and until a people in peril of being wrecked upon an untried sea can be made to pause and think"; and who goes to the root of the matter with such searching analysis of the situation as this:

"The things that this community and this nation alike supremely need are not more territory, more avenues of trade, more places for place-hunters, more pensions for idlers, more subject races to prey upon—but a dawning consciousness of what, in individual and in national life, is a people's indispensable moral foundations, those great spiritual forces on which alone men or nations are built."

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The prospect of Hawaii and Porto Rico as States in the early future is opening the eyes of many people who had before been blind to the dangers of the expansion policy. The *Iowa State Register* asks what a State government for Hawaii means, and answers, "Another free and unlimited silver-coinage State, with equal voice with New York in the United States Senate." The Boston *Record*, the organ of Representative Barrett, points out that the course outlined by Gen. Wilson "means that the 700,000 Spanish-American Indians and negroes in that island are to have as much influence in the United States Senate as Massachusetts; it means that another rotten borough of the very worst description is to become a State." For years we have had an earnest agitation against the admission to the United States of ignorant foreigners, on the ground that any further infusion of such an element would endanger our institutions. Now it is proposed to take into the Union whole batches of such ignorant foreigners, and give each of these batches as much power in the Senate as Massachusetts or Iowa, New York or Pennsylvania. No wonder that good Republican organs are protesting against the policy of expansion, because they see that "the admission of a very few such States as Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines will mean the downfall and destruction of the United States."

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It was announced some days ago that an embassy from the new government of the Filipinos under the presidency of Aguinaldo was en route to the Paris peace conference, with instructions to visit also the European Powers and lay before the latter their claims to recognition as an independent nation. Accompanying this announcement was a declaration of principles resembling in many particulars the Declaration of American Independence. It affirms that the Filipino government embraces fifteen provinces, including the city of Manila; that in these provinces, all of which are under their control except the city of Manila, good order and perfect tranquillity reign, and that the laws are administered by officers elected by the people according to regulations adopted when the government was formed in the month of June last. They say that they hold 9,000 prisoners of

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war, who are treated with all the usages and regulations of civilized warfare and humanitarian sentiment, and that they have 30,000 men, on a war footing, organized as a regular army. Now, what kind of figure shall we present to the world and to ourselves in fighting a people who come forward bearing in one hand the guns that we gave them, and in the other a Declaration of Independence modelled upon our own? How much more becoming shall we appear—how much better shall we be—than George III. and his cohorts in the days of the Revolution?

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To the public men of both America and England, irrespective of party attachments, the news of the death of Thomas F. Bayard has brought a sense of private grief and personal loss. Mr. Bayard was a type of the best class of the older generation of statesmen, of whom there are very few remaining, and hardly any now in public life. He came of a family of statesmen to whom a seat in the Senate of the United States was a kind of heirloom. In the whole list of Bayards there was not one who filled that seat more worthily. There was not one who filled so many other high places in the country's service with such distinguished ability and approval. He was born to the maxim *Noblesse oblige*, and he never forgot the responsibilities which it imposed. His public career began when his father retired from the Senate in 1868, and it continued with slight interruption until he was succeeded by Mr. John Hay as Ambassador to England last year. While he was in the Senate the two great questions of the day were Greenbackism and Reconstruction. Mr. Bayard was the leader of the sound-money forces of his party from first to last. He was opposed alike to greenbacks and to silver. He believed that the former ought to be paid and cancelled as past-due debts of the Government. He considered the free coinage of silver as a disguised form of repudiation, and he abhorred it accordingly. He voted against the inflation bill which President Grant vetoed; and when the specie-resumption act was passed, he tried to get a provision inserted to make the greenbacks, after they had been redeemed, no longer legal tender. In short, he set his face like a flint against every kind of financial tomfoolery and dishonesty. His term of office as Foreign Secretary was most honorable and acceptable to the country—so much so that when Mr. Cleveland was again elected President it was expected that Mr. Bayard would resume his former place as a matter of course. It was his own preference, however, to take the place of Ambassador to England. How well he fulfilled the duties of this position, it is not necessary to relate.

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While the public mind was engrossed with the fighting in Cuba on the 1st of July, a new law with reference to the use of the mails went into effect, which is of no little importance. In European countries the Government has permitted the individual to manufacture and send private mailing cards, which might bear almost any device, but no such freedom has hitherto been allowed the citizen of the United States. At its last session, however, Congress passed an act making it lawful after the 1st of July to transmit such private cards by mail in this country, under regulations which the Postmaster-General might prescribe. The law provides that cards of this sort must be "no larger than the size fixed by the convention of the Universal Postal Union, and approximately of the same form, quality, and weight as the stamped postal card now in general use in the United States." The regulations framed by the department allow the message on such cards to be either in writing or print, "and there may also appear on the message side advertisements, illustrations, or other matter, printed either in black or in colors." A one-cent stamp must be attached to every card, and if there be a written message upon it, it cannot be mailed to a foreign country except at the letter rate of postage (five cents for a half ounce to countries included in the Universal Postal Union).

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Under the new revenue act of last July, the Government's receipts are continuing to show a large increase over any years since the period of the civil war. It is somewhat interesting, in fact, to observe that last month's total revenue, though several millions less than that of July or August, nevertheless far exceeds the monthly maximum of the years when the "Treasury surplus" became embarrassing. The largest revenue of any month in 1887 was $35,619,000; in 1888, the maximum was $32,918,000; whereas, the total revenue for September, 1898, is returned as $39,778,000. It should be needless to point out that the customs revenue, the sole relic of Dingley's financiering, has played an insignificant part in these results. Customs receipts are still running two to four millions monthly below the autumn returns of a decade ago; but the internal revenue, even last month, was double the average of years such as 1887 and 1888. Despite, however, this large increase in total ordinary revenue, expenditures, because of the war, continue to run beyond receipts; the September deficit was $14,444,000, against only $3,435,000 in September, 1897. The recent congestion of money in the Treasury was occasioned, not by a revenue surplus, but by heavy payments against the $200,000,000 loan. This threatened danger has now, apparently, been in great measure removed—partly through the anticipation of some large October and November payments by the Treasury, but chiefly through rapid expansion of Government deposits with the banks, which have been increased by $15,200,000 since September 1, and by $24,200,000 since the opening of August. One of the oddities of the present situation is that this liberal use of banks as Government depositories, which was frantically denounced by Secretary Sherman's adversaries in 1878, and for which Secretary Fairchild was attacked by all the Republican stump oracles of 1888, should be practised now, on the most extensive scale of the generation, without exciting a word of hostile criticism.

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When Gen. Kitchener announces, as he did on meeting Major Marchand at Fashoda, that the Sudan is hereafter to be Egyptian territory, he means, of course, Anglo-Egyptian. The Sudan was lost fourteen years ago as Egyptian territory, and the main reason it was lost was that it had been badly ruled by the Egyptian Government. Slatin Pasha explains how arbitrary and crushing taxation and all forms of injustice and oppression by Egyptian governors had made the Sudan ripe for revolt, even before the Mahdi rose to fuse all the discontent and complaints with religious fanaticism. Those mistakes must not be repeated. It must be a reformed Egyptian rule that is now extended over the Sudan—that is, an Egyptian rule under English auspices and control. In Egypt the proper condition of the fellaheen has been so greatly bettered, since the English have been practically in charge of affairs, that a return to the old ways would be regarded by the natives as the greatest of calamities. Taxation has been equalized and made impartial, the poorest peasant pays no more per foot of land irrigated than the richest landholder, and the idea of justice and equality before the law has for the first time made its way into the heads of Egyptians.

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The moral for the French Government in the new anti-Dreyfus riots is that what they do in the matter of revision they must do quickly. Revised or unrevised, the Dreyfus case is a firebrand for France. It seems impossible to hold a meeting either for or against revision without exciting mobs and popular frenzy and illegal arrests. Nothing can cure this national disease except a new trial in which full publicity shall be given to all the evidence. Perhaps not even that will restore French sanity. Proofs as strong as holy writ have no effect upon minds in a certain state of pathological excitement, and doubtless there will long be Frenchmen to declare, no matter what the result of revision, that Dreyfus is an unhung traitor, and Zola and the professors the agents or victims of a gigantic conspiracy of the "Jews" against the nation.

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## LITERATURE AND WAR.

As the press has grown in power and importance, it has come to take a larger and larger part in international controversies. Despotisms are so well aware of this that they edit the periodicals on this class of questions themselves. At St. Petersburg or Constantinople the publishers are told by the Government what to say in a dispute with a foreign Power. But the support obtained in this way is feeble indeed compared to what democratic governments get from their periodicals. The lawyers, jurists, publicists, professors, and clergymen all fall to with ardor to show that whatever their own Government does or claims is absolutely right and justifiable. For instance, during our Bering Sea trouble, numerous lawyers and professors showed in divers magazines that our claim of Bering Sea as our peculiar property was right, and that American seals could be recognized without difficulty off the Cape of Good Hope. During the Venezuela trouble, Senator Lodge and various other publicists showed weekly in some journal the exact extent to which Great Britain had encroached on Venezuela.

It really does not make much difference whether the views thus propounded are sound or not. They are not expected to exert any determining influence on the controversy. Neither Power engaged in it thinks of adopting their conclusions. The purpose they serve is to satisfy the writer's own public that things are going well, and that the party in power deserves to be backed up by the nation. In England, which has so many foreign controversies, this does not hold quite so true, because England always has a criticising Opposition, which is often apt to take the side of the foreigner because its own ministry takes the other. The Afghans, for instance, the Egyptians, the Turks, and the Russians have had their friends among the Liberals. We have fewer of these foreign questions, and, since the war of the rebellion, we have had no rational criticising Opposition; whatever position the party in power may choose to take in any foreign controversy, the Opposition content themselves with "going them one better," or saying that they might have made the case stronger.

But we have had in the present dispute with Spain more curious examples of the literary backing of the Government than any others we can recall. In the first place, the object of the war was never clearly defined. Some said it was one thing and some said another. This has given an excuse for a great deal of discursive essay-writing. But the topics suggested by controversies about the object of the war before Dewey's victory were nothing in number compared to those which have been produced since. The sudden appearance of a theory of "expansion" or "imperialism" running directly counter to previous American ideas and policy would have looked, to careless observers, like an example of greed and volatility if there had not been numerous ready writers to explain it, and show that it is the most natural thing in the world for people who have always hitherto carefully confined themselves to the continent of America, to claim a group of islands on the other side of the globe.

The most entertaining of these writers whom we have met with is a Mr. Powers, who writes home to the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, from Berlin, explaining to us how right and natural has been everything we have said, thought, or done since last January. He acknowledges that a year ago we firmly held the "Monroe Doctrine," and that we have turned a complete somerset since then, and have more than repudiated the Doctrine within this year, after having held it aggressively for seventy-five years. Says he, "The rapidity with which these great questions have been forced upon the national mind has been bewildering, and our instinctive response must be regarded as highly significant of national character." This might seem to many careless observers a sign of our ignorance of the difficulties of governing distant dependencies, and of the absence of the habit of deliberation on grave questions of public policy. But Mr. Powers shows that it is nothing of the kind. He approaches the subject as a "scientist," and maintains "that we have not suddenly changed our ideals; that we are but slowly developing them after a century, and have suddenly discovered their application to a new situation."

Well, how does it happen that we have made this discovery so suddenly? We have not really made it ourselves; it has been forced upon us by something called "Manifest Destiny." What Manifest Destiny is, nobody exactly knows, but it is evidently the most useful phrase in the whole range of political terminology. As nobody is able to define it except as "a stream of tendency," any man or party, clergyman, professor, or "scientist," is able to ascribe to it any act or omission, crime or neglect, of which he has a mind to be guilty. It is simply the device now so much in use in treatises on criminology, for the exclusion of the human will from the government of human conduct. We thought at one time that the control of what the ancients called Fate, or Destiny, over the affairs of mankind had been reduced to very small limits, and that since the introduction of Christianity the moral responsibility of men for their own acts had been immensely enlarged.

In fact, one of the fundamental assumptions of the politics of the modern world is that what a Christian nation does has been done deliberately, and after full consideration of the pros and cons. Of course, if it were allowed to a civilized nation to start suddenly on new and aggressive courses, in which their previous ideas, standards, and policies were completely ignored, in which they turned their backs on all the doctrines, they had previously preached about right, duty, or expediency, and gave no better reason for the change than that somebody said this was its "destiny," or somebody had had a "dream," or seen a vision, or met a black cat in the highway, the whole civilized world would be plunged in inextricable moral confusion. There is no duty which a nation or man owes to its or his fellows more sacred than the duty of letting them know what it or he will do next. In fact, this knowledge is what is called "character." It is the only proper basis we have for our dealings with our fellows. A man whose course in any matter of social intercourse nobody can predict is said to be a man without character. The same thing may be said of a nation. A nation which can make an alliance, or a claim, and abandon it in a month or two without giving reasons one way or the other, and the grounds of whose policy on any grave question can be ascertained, not from the speeches of statesmen or the public papers of its responsible representatives, but only from the hazy essays of "scientists" or inflated "patriots," signifies very distinctly an unwillingness to continue in the family of nations, or acknowledge subjection to any law but its own power.

The delusion under which the American people are in danger of getting at this crisis, through listening to the jargon of "scientists" and "sociologists," is the notion that a people can "expand" through wealth and power when wealth and power are not backed up by institutions. Nothing can be sillier than to suppose that we are the only people who have felt the desire to "expand" or who have "expanded." We have had half-a-dozen expanding nations, from Egypt down—Greece, Rome, Charles Fifth's empire, Napoleon's empire, and Great Britain. They all expanded or desired to expand. "They wanted the earth," as Mr. Powers says, and some of them got hold of a large patch of it. They have all except Great Britain disappeared, not because the desire for wider dominion died out, but because the desire ceased to be supported by sound administration and healthy moral training. Rome had a far wider dominion than we can aspire to, and was a successful conquering Power for three times as long as we have existed. Spain had the greatest land and sea power in the world for three centuries. Napoleon far excelled any of our legislators, present or probable, in knowing how to cast down the proud or rule the vanquished, but he found at the end

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that a stable empire must rest on other foundations than large revenues or big armies or great navies.

There is nothing more certain, if human history teaches us anything, than that the affairs of a nation, to be managed successfully, must, like those of an individual, be managed by its leading minds; that as soon as its leading minds, the minds of those who know and remember, cease to manage them, confusion and decadence set in, no matter what its material resources. This is the most we know about "Manifest Destiny." What Cato said in the Senate two thousand years ago is as true to-day as it was then, that by *vigilando, agendo, bene consulendo*, national affairs prosper, and not otherwise—not by destroying fleets or storming redoubts.

Mr. Powers maintains, again, as a "scientist," that the "ideal of national isolation is due to 'laws' as fundamental as the constitution of protoplasm." "We deprecate," says he, "the petty politics, the short-sighted sentiment, and the unbridled passions which carried us with indecorous haste into a war whose cost we had not counted and whose results we could not foresee. But whence have come this pettiness and indecorum, these bickerings and feuds, this lawlessness and irresponsibility which are the repellent characteristics of American political and private life? From this same isolation and immunity from danger and responsibility." This is a characteristically vague thought, but, as well as we can make out, what it suggests is, that we need more people to rule in order to purify our politics and get rid of "the bickerings and feuds and the lawlessness and irresponsibility." We advise all persons who labor under this mischievous delusion to study John Wanamaker's speeches made in Pennsylvania this year, and then to apply themselves vigorously to investigate the causes of the appearance of the boss in our States and larger cities. Having studied them, they will be able to tell the world whether it is Manifest Destiny which makes us obey the Boss implicitly in spite of his notorious rascality, as well as to long for more people for him to rule over.

## *WHAT TO DO WITH THE PHILIPPINES.*

A correspondent makes the perfectly reasonable inquiry what we should ourselves do with "the Philippines, the Carolines, Porto Rico, and all the rest," if we had our way, if, as appears plainly enough, we do not wish Uncle Sam to keep them. This inquiry we feel we ought to answer, and we certainly ought to be able to answer it.

For driving the Spaniards out of Cuba there were many excuses of various degrees of value. The gross spectacle of bad and cruel government which the island had afforded for many years, the nearness to our shores, the disturbance to our peace of its frequent rebellions, were all things which might have been fairly treated as reasons for interfering, according to the practice and precedents of international law, whenever the people of the United States deliberately determined to do the Cubans a good turn, no matter at what cost to themselves. The chief argument against interference which we always used was the effect on ourselves. When Congress solemnly announced that the war was simply a war of liberation, there was no more to be said. The liberation has been accomplished. The destruction of the regular government of Cuba, and her close contiguity to us, make it impossible for us to cast her loose. We must take charge of her, and do the best we can with both her and Porto Rico. But we are bound by our own solemn pledges not to make a conquest in either case. That we need a "coaling-station" in one of these places has no more to do with the matter, after what we have ourselves said, than my want of a watch would have to do with my right to steal one.

Of course, any one who replies that we may do whatever we have the strength to do, has us on the flank. One does not argue with the master of twenty legions. It was not we who said originally that, to make this war result in conquest for our own benefit, would show that it was a war of "criminal aggression." It was President McKinley. It is to him that any one must apply who wants to know what we are going to do with Cuba. In Porto Rico there were no rebellions and no discontent to our knowledge. The only excuse we have heard of for taking the island is that we wanted it ourselves. This as an American excuse is certainly very novel, though as an excuse for conquering it is very old and familiar; but it is not an excuse one can argue about, as we have already said. This is one of the difficulties which the theological professor recommended his students "to look steadily in the face and pass by." When a man has stolen something, there is no use in getting advice as to what he had better do with his "boodle."

The Philippines seem to us to stand in a different category from Cuba or Porto Rico. We have never had anything to do with them. But few of our people had ever heard of them before this year. We were, when the war broke out, no more responsible for them than for any other part of the globe. They were not near us. They were as remote as they could be with the present configuration of the earth. They had in no way troubled our peace. They had never appealed to us for help against oppression. They were not of our faith, language, or religion. Our commerce with them was small. Other relations we had none. When the war broke out, no admiral or general was directed to carry on operations against them. Spain had a fleet in their vicinity, which Admiral Dewey was directed to destroy, not for the purpose of freeing the Philippines, but of compelling Spain to relinquish Cuba. Under the original McKinley programme, therefore, the thought which came to him after Spain had relinquished Cuba, or even after it was plain that her relinquishment was only a question of days, was clearly a "criminal" thought. His mind clearly worked in some such way as this, after Dewey's victory:

"It is true I gave out, before the war began, that it was to be a war of liberation, and to have in view solely 'the elevation of mankind.' But that was before I knew how easy victory over the Spaniards would be. I thought then the fight might be long and costly. It is turning out such an easy matter that I see clearly I asked too little. I see now I can get twice as much out of Spain as the liberation of Cuba, at little or no expense. So why should I not get it? Our own people are so proud of what Dewey has achieved that I am sure they will not object. England will not object either, as she is just now very anxious for our friendship, and we need not mind what the others say. Of course that talk of mine about 'criminal aggression' was a little thoughtless, and is now a little awkward when I come to explain matters to the church-members and the clergy, but my friend Hanna has suggested to me an excellent plan for shutting them up. What he recommends is that we should call Dewey's victory a *providential* extension of our original programme; that we should say it was made very clear, by the Philippines being near the scene of the victory, that God Almighty meant that we should occupy them, in order to convert these poor heathen and Catholics to good American Christianity, and destroy the power of their wicked and unscrupulous clergy, and spread good Republican civilization through the islands. This will be 'taffy' to the religious people especially, as they are just now intoxicated with victory, and will also please the speculators, who expect to make money in the Philippines, and the politicians, who expect to get salaries through annexation, as well as anything we could say. So it will not do, at all events, to withdraw as yet."

Now for what we think should have been done after the Dewey victory. We think that a thoroughly honest and consistent President would have ordered our Admiral to leave Manila, to give himself no more trouble about the Philippines after he had destroyed the fleet, but to come back to the West and go after Camara's fleet, to follow it steadily until he caught and destroyed it also, or shut it up in some impregnable port, and after he had caught Camara and destroyed him, we should, if he were not needed over here to assist in the reduction of

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Cuba, have ordered Dewey to resume his station in the Pacific.

If, however, he had chosen, as good naval strategy, to continue the blockade of Manila, we should, the minute the Spaniards agreed to surrender Cuba as a condition of peace, have sent him word that the object of the war had been achieved, and that he was not to meddle with Spanish property or government in the East; that we must not allow the world to suppose that we had been guilty of lying or false pretences when we said the war was simply for the liberation of Cuba, and not for conquest. We could not, in fact, very well charge ourselves with the seizure of the Philippines on the ground that they were badly governed, without also, on the same ground, taking possession of Spain, which is also badly governed, and whose bad government is, in fact, the *causa causans* of the bad government of all her colonies. By conquering Spain we should probably do more for the "elevation of mankind" than in any other way within our reach. But is it our duty to conquer her for that reason?

As matters now stand, having possession of Manila, we should do what we could to make Spain give the Philippines a better government or hand them over to their lawful owners—the inhabitants. We have no more right to them, on our theories of government, than to Ireland. If they do not succeed in setting up what we consider a good government, it is none of our affair. Is there such a government in New York or Pennsylvania?

After all this has been said, Bishop Potter's "solemn question" remains. But this question is not, "What are we going to do with the Philippines?" but "What are the Philippines going to do with us?" That is, our politicians being what they are, and our public being what it is, what will be the effect on our government and public morals of the possession of a distant province, occupied by an alien race, when the Verres whom we send to rule it come home and practise their newly acquired arts on us? If people will only bear in mind for what purpose this government was established, they will save themselves a great deal of worry about our duty towards the Spanish colonies. It was "to establish justice [not Platt and Quay], insure domestic tranquillity [not to keep any particular party in power], provide for the common defence [of the United States], promote the general welfare [of the American people], and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity" [not the Tagals, Cubans, Porto Ricans, and *their* posterity]. There could not be a nobler undertaking. The qualifications of some of the expansionists for something larger would draw laughter from a horse, could the matter be properly laid before him.

### *THE TERRITORY OF HAWAII.*

The return of our Commissioners from Hawaii has started a discussion respecting the form of government to be given to that interesting acquisition. Among the rumors that have gained credence since the Commissioners reached San Francisco is one to the effect that there will be a property qualification for the exercise of the suffrage, and that nobody will be allowed to vote who is not worth as much as $3,000. According to another report, the proposed restriction on the suffrage applies only to the local Senate or upper branch of the Legislature. The restriction, whatever it may be, is intended to keep the control of the government in the hands of the small number of persons who overthrew the old government. Logically this is the proper course to pursue. The Dole government is an oligarchy. It was set up by a revolution not unmixed with fraud, for the interference of our war-ship and our marines in the affairs of a country with which we were at peace was fraudulent and indefensible. True, that is all past and beyond recall, but as one fraud usually makes another necessary, a property qualification for voting, sufficiently high to exclude all except the perpetrators of the original one, follows naturally and almost inevitably. What effect this restriction of the suffrage may have upon ourselves—how it may react upon our own institutions and modes of thought—is a question that time only can determine.

Another question soon to confront us is whether Hawaii is to be a Territory of the American Union or not. If a Territory, then a time of statehood will surely come. Any Congress at any time can admit this Territory into the Union as a State, with two Senators, one or more Representatives, and at least three electors of President and Vice-President. Hardly anybody is prepared for this dénouement at present. Probably four-fifths of all the persons in or out of public life who favored annexation never contemplated any such thing as the State of Hawaii, since that implied Hawaii governing us, or more properly the mutual government of Hawaii and the United States. In the "rush of business" that we have done during the past six months, it has been pretty generally assumed that Hawaii would never be one of the United States, but would be a kind of attachment or dependency, like a colony of Great Britain. That depends! It depends not upon what the present Congress thinks, but upon what some future Congress may think—perhaps in the heat of an excited campaign, when votes are wanted to carry some election or some measure. A Territory of the Union, it may be safely assumed, will some day be a State of the Union, and when once admitted it can never be expelled. The State of Hawaii will then be the equal of New York in the Senate of the United States, as Nevada is now.

Turning from the political to the industrial and strategical aspects of Hawaii, we observe that Senator Cullom is reported as saying, in an interview at San Francisco, that those islands will undoubtedly become vastly profitable to this government in the matter of commerce with our western coast, and as a protection to it in case of military necessity. The Senator was not counted as one of the Hawaiians in the beginning, but he is resolved to find reasons for approving annexation. We had free trade with Hawaii before it was annexed. We cannot have freer trade now. People's appetites in Hawaii or on our Pacific Coast are not increased by annexation. Their need of clothing is no greater now than it was before, nor are any other needs augmented. The flag-raising in which the Senator participated makes no new commercial demand, except, perhaps, for the flag itself, but the demand for bunting will be easily satisfied. We are told that the sugar industry will be doubled by annexation, because the planters will no longer apprehend a repeal of the treaty of reciprocity. That may be true, but the fact will not be welcomed with acclamations by the beet-sugar producers of California, nor can it be regarded as a gain to our government to have double the present quantity of Hawaiian sugar put on the market without payment of duty. The commercial advantages of annexation would amount to little in any event because the population of the islands is small, and is not susceptible of much increase. In view of the fact that our trade with them has been unhampered by tariffs for twenty years, the amount of possible growth, except in an increase of sugar, will be imperceptible.

Senator Cullom's views as a strategist are taken at second hand. Before annexation was accomplished we heard much about the military and naval advantages to be derived from possession of the islands, but nobody gave us any particulars. Nobody attempted to show how they were to be utilized for the protection of San Francisco harbor, for example—"protection" is the word the Senator uses. The distance of the islands from our nearest coast is 2,000 miles. No kind of artillery has been devised that will carry projectiles that distance. It was of no use to point out, before annexation, that we already had the right to establish a naval station in Hawaii, to our own liking—that we had selected the only good place for one that the contour of the islands afforded, and had never made any use of it, but that the right to do so still remained. Now we have not only Pearl Harbor, but everything else that the islands can give for naval purposes, and our curiosity is excited to know what we shall do with

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all these new facilities for protecting our Pacific Coast. How shall we make Pearl Harbor or Honolulu available for defending the harbor of San Francisco? That we can spend much money there is true, but how will the guns that we plant there or the ships that we keep there deter an enemy coming against us from anywhere? Of course, we shall need more ships to defend San Francisco and Honolulu than we should need for San Francisco alone. Suppose that we have ten fighting ships in the Pacific; will they be more effective for defending our coast if five of them are 2,000 miles distant? That seems to be the theory of those who propose to establish defences for San Francisco and Seattle in some port of Hawaii. This is as great a mystery as the suffrage question and the Territorial and State questions.

### *THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.*

The platforms of both parties have of late years been so rapidly becoming stump speeches, instead of programmes of legislation, that it seldom pays to analyze them. They are generally, at least in this State, simply a deliverance by the boss for the time being of what he wishes the voters to hear about public affairs, by no means a declaration of his intentions. His intentions are revealed at his office or club later in the year to a few intimate associates. Consequently we do not look to the Republican platform adopted last week for an account of the legislation we are to have at Albany next winter. We read it mainly in order to ascertain what Platt is thinking just now about the voters of this State.

The first thing we learn in this field is that he thinks the war the subject of the greatest popular interest, and he accordingly begins by boasting of it. He declares "it was not undertaken for conquest, but for the sacred cause of humanity and for the just protection of American interests." A little farther on, however, as he warms up in his rhetoric, he forgets what he said about "conquest," and speaks of "the people of the islands we conquered," and, warming up still more, "commends the annexation of Hawaii in the interest of national security and national development." This means, and can only mean, that he has conquered also Hawaii, not "in the sacred cause of humanity," but in order to make money, and to prevent anybody's interfering with him while he is making it.

Treating of the Philippines, he says he has conquered them not "to partition them among the European Powers." But he does not explain why not. Which of the European Powers, we should like to know, carries on a worse, more corrupt and degraded government than his own in this State? Is not his government the one he would transfer to the Philippines the first minute he could? Does any of the European Powers carry on a worse government than his, and is not his effrontery in proposing it for any other State or country, before a large audience which knows all about him, something delightful?

His war plank is good summer reading, but we do not think it equals on the whole his currency plank. Says he, "The Republican party is fulfilling the pledges we made at St. Louis." The principal pledge it made at St. Louis was a pledge of a higher tariff. That pledge it redeemed, and it vigorously denounced the lower Democratic tariff, but its own tariff, when made, failed to bring in revenue enough. In fact, after the first half year there was a considerable deficit. Instead of frankly acknowledging this deficit, the party covered it up, denied its existence, and went to war to liberate Cuba. Nothing has been done, and very little has been said, by either President or Congress about the finances. No step was taken to remove the danger which was said to hang over them in 1896. In fact, there has appeared to be no subject of politics in which the Republican party has shown less interest during the last two years than the finances, and the subject is brought up in this State now, not to propose anything or promise anything, but simply to recommend the retention of Platt in the position of boss.

The convention was plainly held in Platt's interest. He made all the arrangements; he awarded the nominations exactly as he did in the municipal campaign last year. Mr. Roosevelt takes the place of Gen. Tracy, but that is the only difference. There is not the smallest sign anywhere in the platform that the agitation about boss government and boss corruption which we have been carrying on for a couple of years, has produced the least effect. In fact, judging from Mr. Roosevelt's acceptance of the Platt nomination, and from President Low's written commendation of it, it would seem as if we had lost ground, or, in other words, that the cause of reform in this city and State was in a less favorable position than it was a year ago.

One looks in vain, in the convention, too, for the new type of statesman which the expansionists and the Jingoes have been telling us would appear after the war, to manage our new affairs. We cannot perceive the slightest change, except a great increase in the evolution of platform gas. There are evidently a few more things to blather about, but not a sign of a new man or a new kind of man. Many thought, when Mr. Roosevelt was nominated, that he, coming back covered with the laurels of San Juan, would breathe a purer air into our politics; that for once Platt would have to cease his fooling, and let the honest man have a little turn at government. But nothing of the kind has happened. The scandals and discussions are of the old trivial or degrading or personal character. Charges abound, charges of falsehood, of "tax-dodging," of self-stultification of every description. Platt has brought up the old currency "gag," and thundered against the old enemies, with whom he is now, since the Democrats have made their nominations, probably entering into secret contracts. The only man who seems to us to loom up larger in consequence of the war is our friend Abe Gruber. He has certainly gained in port and importance. He seems to us to have grown in wisdom and thoughtfulness. His plea for Black was hard to answer, and it was not answered. The platform showed clearly that Black ought to have been renominated, and if Abe had not put in a word for him, the absurdity of repudiating him would have been complete.

### DREYFUS AND THE TRIUMPH OF THE INTELLECTUALS.

NEWPORT, September 24, 1898.

"A people's great action ordinarily proceeds from the minority; a nation's greatest men are those it puts to death." These words of Ernest Renan's, referring to one of the greatest dramas in history, occasionally acquire, in the course of events, a striking timeliness. Never, in particular, have they appeared more true than in this French crisis now approaching its end, and which, amid much that is melancholy, will have brought some reassuring evidences; foremost among them that of the superiority once again of thought over brute force, of truth over falsehood, of mind over matter. If, in fact, out of the darkness, humbug, and fanaticism which have enveloped the Dreyfus affair, light has after all emerged, in spite of the savage forces conjured up against it, the honor is due to the intelligence, perspicacity, and courage of a few men; and these men who have triumphed over the ill will of the public authorities, the hostility of the military chiefs, the indifference of the crowd, the resistance of all but the whole of their fellow-citizens, are no other than the Intellectuals—that is to say, a small minority of professors of Latin, chemistry, and philosophy; a handful of writers, poets, journalists, and novelists. It is precisely, and without any sort of exaggeration, the triumph of these men which to-day is identified with the triumph of truth.

Notoriously the lightning stroke of the arrest and suicide of Col. Henry, revealing the fact that the Dreyfus *dossier* contained forgeries, was needed to make the blind open their eyes and the deaf hear. Hitherto the mass of the people had been quietly reposing in the affirmations of the army chiefs, and held with M. Cavaignac that the decisive proof against Dreyfus was the piece written in a jargon which was neither French, German, nor African, and in which a distinguished diplomat was assumed to have written to one of his colleagues, two years after the Dreyfus affair, for the sake of a mutual understanding as to the attitude to maintain toward their respective governments: "Si on vous demande dites

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comme ça car il ne faut pas qu'on sache jamais personne ce qui est arrivé avec lui." Now it was over this document that the Intellectuals won their great victory. Everything in this uncouth paper—form and substance alike, the circumstances in which it was produced, and the rude semblance of authenticity—smacked of forgery. The officials and politicians let themselves be taken in by it, but the Intellectuals at once exposed and neutralized it. First among them was Col. Picquart, just thrown into prison, a fine type of officer, cultivated, possessed of a critical spirit as well as of good sense, who exclaimed at once, "It is a forgery." I recall him yet, in the course of the Zola trial, after Gen. de Pellieux had injected this sensational document into the debate, saying what he thought of it in his clear voice, with a tone of moderation and coolness which never deserted him, while the generals affected an air of indignation.

The day on which M. Cavaignac, who nevertheless prides himself on being an historian, read this grotesque document to the Chamber, and adorned his reading with proofs of its authenticity, none of the 581 Deputies (though there are some Intellectuals among them) dreamed of calling it in question. But the next day all the Chartists (instructors in the École des Chartes), all the savants, all the writers having the least penetration, began to analyze it and to show how unlikely it was not only that an attaché of an embassy should write in this fashion, but how impossible that he should have dreamed of writing on the subject two years after the occurrence, to a colleague whom he might see every day.

These demonstrations were made in succession by half-a-dozen Intellectuals. Immediately upon Cavaignac's discourse, M. Joseph Reinach, former Deputy, former secretary to Gambetta, and one of our most brilliant polemical writers, wrote in the *Siècle* that the document smelt of forgery. M. Albert Réville, a professor in the Collège de France, declared that the paper "was stamped with its apocryphal character." M. Trarieux, former Minister of Justice, published a letter to M. Cavaignac in which he summed up all the arguments in favor of Dreyfus's innocence, and affirmed that this letter, "in its general aspect, as well as by its *forme logomachique*," could not have had for its author the officer from whom the minister pretended that it emanated. Then M. Jaurès, reviewing, with the critical sense of an historian, the close-knit logic of a philosopher, and the passion of a tribune of the people, the whole Dreyfus affair, arrived at the same conclusion, and wrote, some days before the discovery of the forgery, that "it betrayed on its face a forger of the fourth order."

These demonstrations, however, could not convince the non-Intellectuals. They said, with M. Cavaignac, that the assertions of people who qualified as spurious a document *which they had not seen*, deserved no credence. M. Arthur Giry, a professor in the École des Chartes, and learned author of a treatise on diplomacy, then discussed, in an article in the *Siècle*, the question "whether one could treat as spurious a document he had not seen." And in the same number of the journal which announced the confession of the forger Henry, he related the story of a famous mystification in France, to which the celebrated scholar Michel Chasles fell a victim twenty-nine years ago, buying from a forger pretended letters of Pascal, Newton, Galileo, Louis XIV. Full of confidence, he took these ridiculous documents to the Institut, which was also deceived by them, while on all sides savants *who had not seen the originals*, but had read the contents of them, indignantly protested against the grossness of the deception. It needed an offer of letters from Jesus Christ and Mary Magdalen to induce the aged scholar to turn them over, not to the Institut but to the police, who settled the matter on February 24, 1870. After relating this story, M. Giry added these lines, which appeared on the very morning of the official intelligence of Henry's forgery: "It cannot be doubted that a similar discomfiture awaits the spurious documents of the Minister of War."

This was not the only triumph of the Intellectuals. Another lay in the defeat of the insulting Brunetière, who, after his dishonoring article against them in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, dared to renew his abusive attacks in a newspaper, and was forced to succumb as the result of a controversy about which it is worth while to say a few words.

The *Siècle*, which, since the public authorities in France betrayed their duty, has become the organ of the Intellectuals, published, about the beginning of August, a brilliant and cutting article in which M. Brunetière was taken to task. The author signed it with a pseudonym; but the talent it evinced and its fine style were quickly recognized by connoisseurs as pointing to a distinguished man of letters, who is also a high functionary in the University. In a few words he first severely laid bare Brunetière's impudent sophisms, and then inquired how this writer could ever again praise Voltaire, the defender of Calas and redresser of a judicial error. M. Brunetière is fond of polemics. He replied, and for a fortnight the *Siècle* printed every other day a letter from him, followed by a rejoinder from M. Yves Guyot. Never was a controversy more vigorous on both sides or fuller of animation and ideas. M. Brunetière successively treated Voltaire as a "blackguard," accused him of ambitious motives in interesting himself on behalf of Calas, affirmed that the Intellectuals had taken up Dreyfus from "exasperated vanity," and that the proofs of his innocence were "trash" *(misérables)*. And thus he revealed at once his want of heart, his meanness of feeling, and ignorance of the real questions at issue in the Dreyfus case, not to speak of his narrowness and obstinacy of spirit, supported by contemptible sophisms. M. Yves Guyot, who is an economist, showed himself in this encounter a very cultivated writer. He defended Voltaire, and especially pointed out to M. Brunetière, in masterly articles, that blind submission to external authority, belief without examination in fictions like "la chose jugée," were but another form of that contracted Catholicism to which M. Brunetière has gone over, from expediency, not from faith.

Still others joined in the polemic—M. Hyacinthe Loyson, the celebrated Gallican priest; a professor of philosophy, who recalled the fact that M. Brunetière, two years ago, manifested his scientific good faith by refusing to correct, in a learned work, a calumny against Calvin of whose existence he was aware. Finally, M. Albert Réville, examining seriatim the capital points in Dreyfus's case—the question of the bordereau, the formal charges, the secret documents—showed with resistless logic how audacious it was for this man to characterize as "trashy" the arguments on which the best minds in France harmoniously based their conviction.

M. Brunetière ended by weakening; and the very day on which Henry's confession became known, M. Brunetière likewise made very grave concessions, so that M. Yves Guyot was moved to say: "M. Brunetière felt that confessions were in the air, and has accordingly made his own." He, in fact, admitted the rôle played by anti-Semitism in the Dreyfus affair, the feebleness of M. Cavaignac's arguments resting on "subsequent proofs"; he castigated Col. Henry's action, and declared that "there is no sophism more dangerous" than that which says that the end justifies the means, adding this energetic phrase, which is the condemnation of all those whom he had hitherto defended: "The road to justice is not through injustice, nor to truth through violence." It would be hard to say better, but M. Brunetière was slow to say it. If, instead of supporting the retrograde notion of the French clericals in their blind faith in reasons of state and the "chose jugée," he had, like Duclaux, Gabriel Monod, Pressensé, Stapfer, Buisson, Gaston Paris, and the whole cohort of University men, listened to the voice of his conscience and his heart, he would have spared himself a dishonor which will cling to him for life. *They* have shown what can be achieved by thoughtful and intelligent men who will not leave the field clear to charlatans and demagogues; have shown once again, too, how true still is Lincoln's word—*when Intellectuals intervene:* "You cannot fool all the people all the time."

OTHON GUERLAC,
Editor of the Paris *Siècle*.

## THE NEW CABINET IN JAPAN.

TOKYO, September 7, 1898.

Government by party in Japan seems to commend itself to popular favor hardly more than that which it superseded. Its first appearance was hailed with much applause, but its efficiency in the way of actual administration so far has not been great enough to provoke the slightest enthusiasm. The important newspapers of the Empire, with the exception of a few partisan sheets, preserve a critical or dissatisfied attitude towards the new Cabinet, and the opposition organs are loud in their attacks on its shortcomings. Even the warmest friends of the new régime cannot claim that so far it has in any way justified the hopes it raised in the beginning of its existence.

The causes of this comparative lack of success lie pretty plainly on the surface. In the first place, the two parties that joined their forces some two or three months ago still retain traces of antagonism at various points. In the late election the tension at times came near the breaking-point. Just previous to the election a corrupt-practices ordinance of the most severe description was promulgated by the Cabinet. The most innocent offering of tea and cakes by a candidate to a voter was counted a misdemeanor. In spite of these rigid rules, however, it was said by the old Jiyuto organs that the administrators of the election ordinance, who were, for the most part, of the old Shimpoto party, favored their own candidates. The charge was vigorously pressed for a time, but is hardly sustained by the

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returns of the election. While the Shimpoto wing of the Constitutionalists show a gain over the former election, the increase is hardly important enough to prove that any interference took place. The former Progressionists secured 110 seats, while the Liberals obtained only 93 or 94. These returns are not very widely different from those of former years. One thing, however, is clear, that if the two wings of the Constitutionalists act together, as they have proposed to do, they will have an overwhelming majority in the next session of Parliament. Indeed, the opposition party can scarcely be said to exist, as it scarcely controls 50 votes out of a possible 300.

A curious incident of the election has served to increase the ill feeling between the two members of the leading party. The Vice-Minister of Justice, a member of the former Shimpoto, was a candidate for election in one of the Tokyo districts. He expected to be returned without opposition, but at the last moment the former Liberals of this district put up a candidate of their own and began to organize a vigorous campaign. As an electioneering measure they met at a tea-and-talk club—a form of reunion that happens to be remarkably popular at the present moment in political circles. The Vice-Minister's supporters now laid a charge against the Liberal candidate for treating his constituents, but the Chief of Police, before whom the charge was lodged, declined to move in the matter, on the ground of insufficient evidence. When this was known, the Minister of Justice, also of the Progressionist wing, appealed to the Public Procurator, by whose orders several houses were searched, to the great annoyance of the Liberal voters, especially as it was shown that at the tea-and-talk reunions each voter had settled his own score. At least a dozen arrests, it seems, were made in connection with this miserable affair. Various complications, too trivial to explain, served to add to the friction between the lately formed allies, and finally one voter brought suit against the Vice-Minister, who promptly responded by bringing a counter suit. The head of the Home Department, Count Itagaki, an old Liberal leader, and one of the chiefs of the new Cabinet, after investigation of the affair, made a report to the Premier in which the Vice-Minister was severely scored. Finally, a section of the Kenseito, composed largely of old Liberals in Tokyo, called upon the Vice-Minister to resign his post—a very bitter piece of advice to that official, which he at first indignantly resented. It became evident, however, that these differences would lead to a complete rupture between the Liberal and Progressionist elements of the Cabinet unless the Vice-Minister resigned, and this step he finally consented to take for the sake of party unity, though he refused to the end to acknowledge the justice of the charges laid against him.

This incident, though insignificant in itself, has brought to light the weakness of the present Cabinet—the lack of hearty coöperation between the two wings of the Constitutionalists. Another evil, however, scarcely less disturbing to the strength of the Government, is the curious relation that exists between the Cabinet and the party committee. The former Satcho cabinets had their freedom of action bounded merely by an uncertain and vague public opinion on the one hand, and by the will of the outside Satcho leaders on the other. But within these broad limits they moved with complete independence. Under the present régime, however, the Cabinet, it seems, is to be held strictly accountable to the party leaders out of office. The power behind the throne is now the standing committee of the political party. This committee passes judgment upon the acts of the Cabinet, and at times comes perilously near playing the part of a Jacobin club. Some weeks ago an extraordinary committee of the Kenseito visited the Premier and formulated a programme for the guidance of the Government. It was understood that the acceptance of this programme by the Cabinet was necessary if it wished to have the continued support of the party in the next session of Parliament. This was going a step further in the direction of party government than public opinion demanded. The Tokyo press began to question the propriety of imposing conditions upon a cabinet that had only just come into power and had not had time to familiarize itself with the details of administration. The upshot of the matter was that the members of the committee tried to explain away their premature interference. They declared that what they had submitted to the Cabinet was not a command, but rather a suggestion or memorial. This jealous attitude of the party committee toward the Cabinet is likely to hamper its working powers, and in this way defeat one of the objects for which party government was established.

On the whole, the Cabinet at present is by no means firm in its seat or secure of public opinion. The various elements of discord that exist within the Cabinet itself and between the Cabinet and the newly fledged party that rode it into power, may at any moment overthrow it. Each day shows some fresh difference of opinion between the two opposing halves. Now it is a question of an increase of taxes, and again it is a question of higher salaries or of administrative reform. Some newspapers profess to see advantages in these conflicts. They hold that these occurrences will tend to rouse the Cabinet to greater activity and therefore to greater union. But for the most part the press is inclined to take a negative view of the situation. Two or three of the most powerful journals urge a complete separation between the Liberals and Progressionists. The *Jiji Shimpo* declares that the parties differ from each other in all essential points, and that therefore they should no longer join forces. Another paper likens the arrangement to an "ill-matched husband and wife, who quarrel perpetually, but cannot agree to separate." The *Kokumin Shimbun* compares the Cabinet to a "half-killed snake, which can neither advance, retreat, nor remain quiet."

All these difficulties, however, may be merely inevitable incidents of the novelty of the political situation. So great a change as has been accomplished in the past few months is bound to suffer reactions. Hopeful signs are not altogether lacking that the Cabinet may weather the storm. There can be no doubt that the individual ministers are showing great energy in their respective departments. Various measures already carried into effect have had an excellent influence on the public, and others now in process of investigation will, if accomplished, do much more to strengthen the hands of the Cabinet. Apparently there is no intention of abandoning the reforms promised in the party manifesto. The Prime Minister has stated in semi-official terms, that, as soon as the official inquiries now going on are completed, definite reforms will be introduced.

One other interesting feature of the present administration has been the extraordinary pressure for office. During the first month of its existence the present Cabinet turned out a large number of officials to make place for political partisans. Various newspapers urged, if not the spoils system, at least a clean sweep of all the present official incumbents with the exception of technical experts. The plea of these papers was that the Government must rid itself of every vestige of clanism. But the common sense of the public on the whole was definitely opposed to any revolutionary step of this kind; and, better still, the Cabinet leaders soon found that their own efficiency depended to a great extent upon the knowledge and experience of the officials in charge. The pressure from the local party workers for a place in the Government service was enormous. It is said that in some cases the official residences of the ministers were besieged night and day by a small army of these needy henchmen. Under these circumstances, the time of the ministers was so absorbed that they could give no attention to the actual work of administration. But this furor for office has, temporarily at least, abated as a result of the storm of criticism which the press drew upon the Cabinet and the office-seekers. However desirous the Japanese may be of purging the administration of clanism, they see pretty clearly that the successors to the present office-holders must have better qualifications than party zeal. The end of this slight dip into the spoils system will undoubtedly be a liberal system of examinations in which graduates of Government schools will not, as heretofore, take precedence over those of private schools of equal standing. Fortunately for Japan, the spoils system in politics has no deep hold upon the country, nor has it the traditions that give it a certain dignity and authority as in the United States. G. D.

## THE REMBRANDT EXHIBITION.

AMSTERDAM, September 16, 1898.

It is now more than two hundred years since Rembrandt died in Amsterdam, poor, neglected, forgotten. To-day, when that town, with the rest of Holland, is celebrating a great national festival, it can devise no worthier way of honoring the occasion than by holding an exhibition of his collected works. So time brings its revenge with it, and the painter who was allowed by his contemporaries to fall into disrépute at the very period when his powers were most perfect, is exalted by posterity and becomes the nation's hero. And it seems the more remarkable since the event celebrated is the coronation of a Queen who hitherto has shown, or rather has been permitted to show, but little practical interest in art. Indeed, the House of Orange has never been very conspicuous as a patron of painting, if we can judge by an historical exhibition, also open at the moment in Amsterdam, in which the portraits of innumerable princes and princesses are, with a few rare exceptions, the work of second-rate artists, until we come down to the Queen herself, who is content to be represented by an endless series of photographs—but the photograph is really the delight of modern royalty every-

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where. It is the prosperous, comfortable burgher who has always figured and still figures as the real patron of art in Holland.

The Rembrandts are shown in the Stedelijk Museum, the large new building just a little way beyond the Rijks Museum. The paintings and drawings fill four large and three small galleries, while another room is set apart for the "Night Watch." Let me say at once, so as to be done with fault-finding, that in one's first impression is something of disappointment. When so much is exhibited, regret that there should be so little—paradoxical as this sounds—is all the keener. I had hoped, as I wrote some few weeks since, that the "Lesson in Anatomy" and the other famous Rembrandts would be brought from The Hague, but even for the moment the gallery of the capital has not been deprived of its chief attractions. Naturally, too, the treasures of the Hermitage, the Louvre, the National Gallery in London, remain where they are, so that the temporary collection does not render to Rembrandt at Amsterdam the service the permanent collection renders to Velasquez at Madrid—the master is not to be studied in a series of his masterpieces. Then, too, a few of the contributors, notably the Queen of England, have not let their generosity carry them quite far enough; only two pictures have been sent from the English royal collections, and these are by no means the finest they can boast. Here and there one comes upon a canvas whose genuineness seems at least doubtful, here and there upon another which, if genuine beyond dispute, is too obviously one of Rembrandt's failures, to have been included. The same fault is to be found with the drawings; many need not have been shown; the others are of such interest and importance that they actually help to emphasize the incompleteness of the collection. I can fancy Mr. Colvin in the Print Room at the British Museum, with the aid of one or two of the same collectors, making a far more notable exhibition.

There are no etchings hung; the reason given to me by one of the directors being that in the near Rijks Museum the finest collection in the world is to be seen. According to this argument the "Syndics" and the "Night-Watch" might as well have been left in their usual places on the walls of the same gallery. Nor is the hanging beyond criticism; the pictures are not overcrowded (all, except the very small ones, being on the line), but no chronological or any other sort of order is followed, and therefore to the student of Rembrandt a great opportunity has been lost for ever. Besides, in two of the rooms the walls are covered with hangings of a golden yellow, and when I add that one of these rooms is devoted to the "Night Watch," the seriousness of the blunder will be realized. The directors may have wanted to show how much Rembrandt could stand, but they have succeeded only in proving that even he can be killed by his background.

The last and most unpardonable mistake is the catalogue. It could and it should have been made into an authority for all time. Nor is this asking too much of the compiler. Had he begun the task in entire ignorance of his subject, he had only to consult M. Émile Michel to find out at least where all the necessary information was to be obtained. The day for the slipshod or the incomplete catalogue has passed, a fact that you find has dawned upon even a conservative body like the Royal Academy, which last winter surprised the world by producing a model catalogue for the Millais show. But at Amsterdam a wonderful chance has been lost. Simply the barest facts, not always authenticated, have been given; the drawings have not been entered at all. There is no excuse: to plead haste or lack of time on so memorable an occasion would be to plead guilty.

Now that I have said what there is not in the Rembrandt show, let me say what there is. To begin with, there are one hundred and twenty-three paintings, and, though all are not masterpieces, it would be impossible to get so many Rembrandts together and not make a marvellous exhibition. They come from places as remote as Cracow, Sinaia, and Budapest, as near as Paris, London, and Berlin. Not only the Queen of England, but the German Emperor, the King of Rumania, the King of Saxony, the Prince of Liechtenstein, are among the royal contributors. Besides the museums of Holland —of Amsterdam, The Hague, Haarlem, Rotterdam—those of Berlin and Dresden and Weimar and Leipzig and Glasgow and Copenhagen, to mention a few, are well represented. Private owners of famous pictures, like the Duke of Westminster, Lord Iveagh, Earl Spencer, the Duke of Devonshire, M. Kann, Dr. Bredius, M. Bonnat, and a host of others have not hesitated, for the benefit and pleasure of the public, to let their famous Rembrandts run the risks of the long journey by sea and rail. When you consider what these risks are, it is no wonder collectors in New York and Chicago have been less public-spirited. Mr. Heseltine and M. Bonnat have loaned their well-known (known by reputation, that is) and unrivalled collections of drawings. Surely I have said enough to explain that, despite that first disappointment, the interest of the exhibition is fairly overwhelming.

While I am cataloguing its special virtues I should not forget to mention that the directors have been at some pains to hang the "Night Watch" and the "Syndics," for the first time in many years, if ever before, in a good strong side light. The experiment was well worth making, though, for my part, I am not sure the "Night Watch" looks so well as in the large gallery of the Rijks Museum; you can see the detail as you could not see it there—the dog in the foreground; that strange enigmatical figure of a girl in shining raiment who has puzzled generations of critics; Rembrandt himself, where he stands, in the remote shadows; the architecture of the background. But it seems to me that the mystery, the rich severity of the composition lessens in proportion as the detail is revealed—or is it that dreadful yellow wall, where, on my last visit, the sunlight lay in two shining bars that eclipsed even Banning Cocq's lieutenant in his golden tunic and the girl beyond? Fortunately, the wall in the room of the "Syndics" is a deep neutral red, that cannot distract the eye from the picture, which, however, is hung too low, giving to the perspective, especially of the table, a violence that disappears when one looks up to it slightly, as Rembrandt no doubt intended one always should.

That the largest collection of Rembrandts ever gathered together should increase one's respect for the powers of the painter, should confirm one's faith in his genius, is only what was to be expected. At the Louvre, at the London National Gallery, where but a few of his pictures are collected, he stands out a master among masters. A series of one hundred and twenty-three, supplemented by a large number of his drawings, can but give one a larger, a juster idea of the scope of his powers and the variety of his genius. Because there are certain qualities one always seeks in Rembrandt, qualities that have come to be associated with his name, his originality, above that of all other men, is too often thought to depend upon the fact that he was always entirely and solely himself in his work, that he owed nothing to his fellow-painters. But the original man is he who is ever ready, if not eager, to borrow what is good in the work of others and to adapt it to his own needs. Titian could afford to study Giorgione; Velasquez was not above learning all that he could learn from Titian. And if you imagine that Rembrandt was the one great exception to the rule, you have only to go to Amsterdam to be undeceived, and to find out, further, how well he knew what was being done or what had been done by artists of his own and other lands. There is a small portrait of one of the princes of Orange as a boy, painted about 1658 or 1660, it is supposed—that is, when he was doing his finest, his most characteristic work—and now belonging to Earl Spencer, that, if you chanced upon it elsewhere, you would be quite ready to attribute to Velasquez, so like the great Spaniard's methods is his treatment of the flesh in the fair young face, and still more so of the costume. There is another picture, belonging to the same period, and from the same collection, of a girl holding flowers in her hand, beneath which you would not be surprised to see the name of Titian. And there are portraits that might be claimed for Franz Hals without a protest from you. So, too, among the drawings, you find heads copied from Persian originals, designs borrowed bodily from Italian models, and altogether eloquent proofs that Rembrandt was sufficiently great not to have to shut himself up in precious solitude and never look beyond his own canvas or paper, in order to be and remain himself in his work. Neither did he have to force variety by seeking far and wide for subjects, by depending upon elaboration and eccentricity of composition. His variety was in his methods—in his way of seeing and putting down what he saw.

There are but two or three landscapes in the exhibition; save for the "Syndics," the "Night Watch," and a few Biblical and classical subjects, almost all the pictures are portraits. Yet never once do you find him repeating himself, and I am not sure that this is not the most extraordinary feature of the collection. It is more extraordinary still when you note how many of the portraits are of the little family group he never wearied of painting. Here is his father (it is useless now to stop to ask whether it really is his father), the old man with the sparse gray beard and keen eyes, thin, wiry, alert; here his mother, benevolent, kindly, wrinkled; here Saskia, fair, fresh, golden-haired; here Titus, that wonderfully beautiful boy as he appears in the portrait belonging to Captain Holford; here, above all, is Rembrandt himself. I wish I had space to describe these pictures in detail, for most of them belong to private collections, and consequently are not so familiar as the portraits of the same group in the national galleries. The expression of cha-

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racter, so subtly varying in each, the imagination displayed in the use of costume which with Rembrandt is never mere studio property, the new effects obtained from the same material—all these things are almost unbelievable. In not one case are they so marked as in his portraits of himself. In this series you can follow him, from the youth with cheeks as soft as a woman's, and but a light down upon his upper lip, with mouth slightly open, posing for himself; to the successful young painter who has filled his studio with gorgeous costumes and jewels, and arrays himself in them that he may the better study their beauty and possibilities; to the large, portly, middle-aged man (and perhaps in this little panel, the property of Herr von Mendelssohn of Berlin, the painting of the large, fat, flabby cheeks is as astounding in its way as Velasquez's rendering of the middle-aged Philip); to the old man, sorrow-laden, full of cares. There is hardly a great gallery that has not one example at least of Rembrandt's presentments of himself in his old age; but I know of few that can compare to the portrait owned by Lord Iveagh and lent to the exhibition. About 1656 is the date given in the catalogue; M. Michel says from 1662 to 1664. At any rate, it belongs to much the same period as the "Syndics" (1661), the period when Rembrandt produced his most masterly work. With all the insolence of his indifference to an ignorant public, he seems to have put into it every beauty of which his brush alone knew the secret; beauty of color in the rich sombre red doublet and sable-trimmed cloak; beauty of light and atmosphere in the mellow golden glow in which the figure is enveloped; beauty of old age in the dignity of the wrinkled face and the stateliness of the pose. I do not want to read unnecessary meanings into a picture which needs no other meaning than beauty; but since much is known of the events and accidents of Rembrandt's life, one cannot help remembering the misfortunes that filled the very years during which he was producing masterpieces like this, and in his noble conception of himself in the midst of troubles that would have killed a man less strong, you cannot but be conscious of that "unconquerable soul" which Mr. Henley sings. Certainly, "under the bludgeonings of chance," no man could say with as much truth as Rembrandt that his head was bloody, but unbowed.

I have attempted, knowing the limits of an article, only to suggest the character of the exhibition and the impression it makes. To speak of each picture separately would be out of the question unless a book were at one's disposal. Besides, many have been described too often or too recently. Most of the English pictures, for instance, have been seen at the Royal Academy's old masters' exhibitions, and I myself have had occasion to write about them in the *Nation*. But I should have liked to dwell at greater length on the beautiful, picturesque little study for the etching of the Burghermeister Six, the property of M. Léon Bonnat; on the suggestion for an angel in golden-green drapery against a golden-green background, as decorative as anything in the Primitives that Burne-Jones worshipped; and on a dozen other canvases or panels as unfamiliar and amazing which I have now seen for the first time. As for the drawings, they should have an article to themselves. But I hope I have said enough to make it clear that the exhibition is one which no one who has the chance to see it can afford to miss. N. N.

# Correspondence.

## BRITISH SYMPATHY WITH THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Great oracles of English and American thought vex themselves about the alleged sympathy of the English people with the South during the American civil war—or their alleged want of sympathy with the Northern States—denying its existence, explaining it, or limiting it to a small section of the population. I refer especially to the articles of Dr. Bryce and Dr. Hosmer in the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. But the causes of the sentiment complained of, so far as it really existed, seem to a contemporary of the event to lie on the surface and to be overlooked in the search for deeper and hidden ones. They were:

(1.) The stopping by an American warship of the British passenger and mail steamer, the *Trent*, on the high seas, while plying between two British ports, and forcibly taking from her the two Southern Commissioners, Slidell and Mason; and the vote of thanks of the American Congress to Commander Wilkes for this international outrage.

(2.) The threat of an attack upon England as soon as the domestic trouble should be ended, in retaliation for her demand for the restoration of the captives to the protection of the British flag, uttered in an inflammatory speech by one of the most accredited and able organs of Northern public opinion, Senator Sumner, and reëchoed with intensified violence in almost the entire Northern press.

(3.) The early policy of Secretary Seward to seek to unite the North and South by a foreign war, Great Britain evidently presenting the most obvious and eligible point of attack—a policy thwarted perhaps as much by the humane instincts and lofty principles of President Lincoln as by the skilfulness of English diplomacy.

(4.) That remarkable open letter of President Lincoln to Horace Greeley, dated August 22, 1862, which, wise and sound as in the light of events we now see it to have been, shocked and grieved even Greeley and other ardent abolitionists in the North. In this he said:

"My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union."

This, to the English mind, eliminated the subject of slavery from the issue, and led to the opinion, expressed by Lord Brougham, that the North was fighting for empire and the South for independence; and the people of both North and South being alike of kin, it seemed to the average Briton that there was no special call for sympathy on behalf of either of the combatants. To many the legal right of secession seemed incontrovertible, on the same grounds that justified the thirteen colonies, the people being their own judges as to their grievances; the notion that the Union, being the voluntary act of independent States, might be voluntarily dissolved by either, seemed plausible; and the expression, "Erring sisters, depart in peace," voiced the feeling of some prominent Northern as well as many English people. A. W. Savary.

Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia,
September 27, 1898.

## LOG-ROLLING—SILK-STOCKING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Bartlett's 'Dictionary of Americanisms' he gives the word "log-rolling," but is unable to find an earlier use of it than 1832. The same work does not even contain the word "silk-stocking." The following extracts from letters of Jefferson, therefore, possess some philological value.

Respectfully yours,

Paul Leicester Ford.

Brooklyn, September 29, 1898.

Jefferson to Gallatin, June 16, 1817.

"Without this caution, intrigue, negotiation, and the barter of votes might become as habitual in Congress, as they are in those legislatures which have the appointment of officers, and which, with us, is called 'logging,' the term of the farmers for their exchanges of aid in rolling together the logs of their newly-cleared grounds."

Jefferson to Gerry, June 11, 1812.

"But I trust that such perverseness will not be that of the honest and well-meaning mass of the federalists of Massachusetts; and that when the questions of separation and rebellion shall be nakedly proposed to them, the Gores and Pickerings will find their levees crowded with silk stocking gentry, but no yeomanry; an army of officers without soldiers."

# Notes.

The American publishers of the Life of the Rev. Dr. Newman Hall will be T. Y. Crowell & Co.

The Baker & Taylor Co. announce 'In Nature's Image: Chapters on Pictorial Photography,' by W. I. Lincoln Adams, profusely illustrated; 'The Gentle Art of Pleasing,' by Elizabeth Glover; and the 'Life of George Müller,' by the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D.

'Zoroaster,' by Prof. A. V. Williams Jackson; 'Instinct and Reason,' by Henry Rutgers Marshall; and 'A Popular History of France,' to the Death of Louis XV., by the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, are in the press of Macmillan.

The Fleming H. Revell Co. have nearly ready 'Jerusalem the Holy,' by the Hon. Edwin S. Wallace, United States Consul at Palestine during the past five years. It will be illustrated.

The translation of Edmond Rostand's 'Cyrano de Bergerac' about to be issued by R. H. Russell is the joint work of the dramatist's sister-in-law, Gladys Thomas, and Mary F. Guillemard.

Early next year John Wiley & Sons will publish 'The Sanitary Microscopy of Drinking Water,' by George C. Whipple.

George Routledge & Sons announce 'Twentieth Century Magic, and the Construction of Modern Magical Apparatus,' by N. Monroe Hopkins.

In 'The Borderland of Society,' by Charles

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Belmont Davis, another son of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis makes his début as a writer. The book will be published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, who also announce 'Etiquette for Americans,' by "A Woman of Fashion," and the late Capt. Sir Richard Burton's 'The Jew, the Gypsy, and El Islam.'

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have in hand 'Personal Sketches of Recent Authors,' British and American, with Renan and Tolstoy also, by Mrs. Hattie Tyng Griswold.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has reissued his 'Guesses at the Riddle of Existence' (Macmillan) with an additional chapter, "One Word More." In this he partly replies in detail to certain of his critics, and generally restates and reinforces his previous position touching the authority of the Bible, the belief in God, the ground of duty. Thus, recurring to an observation made in his opening article, in review of Drummond, Kidd, and Balfour, and contrasting man with the illimitable universe, he says: "The thought may even present itself that the comic element in us, with the significance of which philosophers in general have failed to deal (though Swift in his *Day of Judgment* has not failed), may point to truth; and that what seems to us of overwhelming importance may, in reality, be less serious than it seems." His conclusion is: "Of this our nature assures us, if it can assure us of anything, that we are faithful servants of God, if there is a god, and must be safe so long as we steadfastly adhere to the truth."

The well-known Reeve-Bowen translation of Tocqueville's 'Democracy in America,' formerly bearing the imprint of Little, Brown & Co., has just been launched anew, still in two volumes, with portrait and index, by the Century Co. To it is prefixed an introduction, by President Gilman of Johns Hopkins, contributing some biographical details concerning the author, a survey of the state of this country and of Europe at the period of Tocqueville and Beaumont's visit to these shores in 1831, and a summary of the contents and purpose of the work, with comment appropriate to the subsequent fortunes of the American democracy.

Mr. Clifton Johnson's varied use of the camera for historical purposes has been well applied in connection with Dickens's 'Child's History of England,' which has just been very handsomely brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Nothing but good can be said of the nearly fifty views of places selected, or of the photographer's skill. St. Michel's Mount, Normandy; an old street and Joan of Arc's statue in Rouen; the battlefield of Crécy, mingle with scenes on the other side of the Channel, with Stonehenge, the wall of Severus, the Roman military road between Dover and Chester, Runnymede, Bannockburn, Edinburgh Castle, Holyrood Palace, Shakspere's birthplace, Whitehall, to Wapping Old Stairs. In the case of some of these, like the transformed Smithfield, the hand on the dial of the childish imagination must be set back; but most of the monuments need no such correction. And now if a child could choose between the same History thus illustrated and one equipped wholly with portraits from authentic sources, which would he naturally prefer?

'The Complete Works of Artemus Ward (Charles Farrar Browne)' have, after thirty years of popularity, been reissued by G. W. Dillingham, from new type and with a speaking photogravure portrait of the humorist. The additions to former collections give another distinction to this edition. It would have been well to omit all the illustrations except those of the panorama accompanying the lecture on the Mormons at Egyptian Hall in 1866-67.

The lapse of ten years since the first publication of the 'American Girls' Handybook' (Scribners) fully prepares us for additional chapters in which bicycling and golf appear for the first time. This is in the order of history, but it is odd that swimming is only now introduced, in one of the eight additional chapters, together with some hints on physical culture, etc. The fresh matter, like the old, is illustrated.

Dr. William E. Griffis has made more than usual preparation for telling the familiar story of the Pilgrims, from their beginnings to the formation of the New England confederation, in 'The Pilgrims in their Three Homes—England, Holland, America' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The little volume is necessarily only a sketch; yet it is the fruit, Dr. Griffis informs his readers, not merely of study of the documentary sources of Pilgrim history, but of "three leisurely visits also to the three homes of the Pilgrims in England, Holland, and America: in 1891, 1892, and 1895." The most marked feature of the book is, as one would expect, a high degree of picturesqueness of scenic description based on personal familiarity with the localities associated with Pilgrim life. This picturesque quality is heightened by the author's suggestive comparisons of the England of Elizabeth and James with Japan as he saw that country a quarter of a century ago. Dr. Griffis displays his well-known admiration for things Dutch, but not to such a degree as to disturb the balance of his narrative; and the vivacity with which he writes renders the volume an interesting résumé of Pilgrim story, not merely for the "young people" whom the author had specially in mind, but for his readers generally.

The 'Transactions and Proceedings of the Second International Library Conference, held in London July 13-16, 1897,' has just appeared in a form elegant and dignified, with a list of members, an index, and other apparatus. The financial exhibit of the Conference was eminently satisfactory, the membership fees and donations together having been sufficient to leave a surplus of some $2,000, one-half of which provided for the cost of the present volume.

The eleventh census is bowed out with a folio statistical atlas edited by Henry Gannett and his colaborers. Despite the distrust with which that debauched census will ever have to be regarded, at least in many important particulars, this atlas furnishes valuable food for study, with its fine series of colored maps and charts and its statistical text. We notice that the *centre of gravity* of population is erroneously charted here as the "centre of population." It still moves on the same parallel, with a remarkable persistency, and halts for the moment in Indiana, near Westport, Decatur County. It is bound westward, down the valley of the Ohio, at about the velocity of one degree per decade.

Hungary's most popular writer, Jokai, who is now in his seventy-third year, is residing on the Schwabenberg—a sort of refrigerator for those inhabitants of Budapest who cannot go away far from the city—preparing the complete edition of his works. This edition is to comprise one hundred volumes, and yet there must be omission of a number of pieces of minor importance. When the publisher undertook his project, it was generally predicted that he would be ruined, for the price of the edition is 250 florins, but the subscription already amounts to 6,000 sets.

With the September number the English periodical the *Artist*, now in its twenty-third volume, takes on an American edition (Truslove & Comba, 65 Fifth Avenue). It is well and abundantly illustrated, and is a good representative of its class.

Reference was made some time ago in these columns to the disproportionately small number of Catholic students in the higher schools and universities of Germany. More detailed statistics pertaining to the matter may now be found in vol. i. of the Commissioner of Education's Report for 1896-'97 (p. 167), which has been recently sent out. From another source we learn that of the 2,178 professors employed in the German universities in 1896, only 277 were Catholics. In Berlin, *c. g.*, the proportion of Catholics to non-Catholics was 19 to 326, in Leipzig 12 to 161. The only two faculties in which the former outnumber the latter are those of Munich (86 to 78) and of Münster (23 to 9). It will hardly seem far-fetched to discern a certain relation between these facts and the lowering in recent times of the intellectual and social level of the highest Church dignitaries, which Dr. Sigmund Münz affirms in an article on "Die Welt des Vaticans" in the September *Cosmopolis*. "If one names to-day," he writes, "the Italian Capecelatro, the French academician Perraud, and the American Gibbons, he has almost exhausted the number of cardinals who have distinguished themselves in any domain of the intellect." And no less an authority than the eminent theologian and scholar Franz Xaver Kraus is quoted as saying: "At no period in the history of the Church has there been a greater dearth of distinguished *(bedeutende)* men than at present." According to Dr. Münz, the college of cardinals has degenerated in point of worldly splendor and social refinement as well, and the sons of the patrician families of Rome and Italy have ceased to covet the cardinal's hat.

The anonymous author of the leading article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September 1 discusses with great clearness and much plausibility the significance of the projected pilgrimage of Emperor William to the Holy Land, in which he sees the "result of a system and the completion of a maturely conceived design." The whole policy aiming at the preponderance of the German protectorate of the Christians, both in the East and in the far East; its history, beginning soon after the close of the Culturkampf; and the various attempts made to obtain the sanction of the policy by the Pope, are treated in a spirit of mingled apprehension and hopefulness by the writer, who would fain see republican France preserve intact her historic religious prestige in distant lands, which has in modern times been recognized and confirmed. The statement, in a footnote, relating to the recent exodus of eight German professors from the University of Freiburg in Switzerland, will not, as our correspondent showed last week, satisfy those who are familiar with the case from impartial sources.

German interest in Asia Minor is indicated

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by the account of a reconnaissance of the country bordering on the Anatolian Railway by two Prussian staff-officers, published in supplemental number 125 of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*. In addition to a detailed description of the route followed, there is a scholarly account of the numerous ruins examined, and especially of the inscriptions found in them, making the report an important contribution to the classical geography and history of the region. Incidental references show how little the railway has developed local traffic. "With the exception of a Greek restaurant," writes Major von Diest of one town, apparently typical of all the rest, "there was not a single new building near the station; not one wagon, nor a horse, nor a pedestrian did we see on the great road leading to Kutaia during our stay of several hours." Had the peasants any desire to raise more on their fields than their personal needs demand, the lack of roads, heavy taxes, and railway freight charges would be prohibitive of such enterprise. Strong testimony is borne to the fact that in "hundreds of places" Armenians, Greeks, and Mohammedans live in perfect amity and content, in spite of arbitrary taxation and corrupt rulers. The accompanying maps are of the highest order of beauty and excellence.

The German Mennonite colonies in Southern Russia are the subject of the principal article in number eight of the same periodical. The different colonies are at present divided into districts, each with its magistrates elected by the householders, its bank and insurance company. The community provides for the orphans, the care of the land, and the foundation of new settlements as the increase of population demands. In many of the villages manufactures, especially of wagons, ploughs, mowing-machines, reapers, and threshers, have taken the place of agriculture. The young men, on attaining the age of service in the army, against which they have religious scruples so strong as to cause some years ago the emigration of large numbers to this country, are now permitted by the Government to serve for the four years in one of the forestry departments. A series of maps are accompanied by statistics of each district. In 1890 there were in Southern Russia 513 of these German villages with a population of 310,342.

From the Advance Sheets of the Consular Reports, issued daily by the Bureau of Foreign Commerce, Department of State, we learn that China's recent abortive decision to follow her more active rival, Japan, in coming into line with "Western civilization" included the enactment of copyright and patent laws. According to Minister Conger, the Emperor of China, on July 5, 1898, issued a decree to this effect, the text of which is quoted from the *North China News* of July 12. After some preliminary lines on the duty of Government, and on the present and future greatness of China and her resources, the Emperor went on to command "that from henceforth, if there be any subject of ours who should write a useful book on new subjects, or who should invent any new design in machinery, or any useful work of art and science which will be of benefit to the country at large, he shall be honored and rewarded by us in order to serve as an encouragement and exhortation to others of similar genius and talent." Some of the possible awards mentioned were of a truly Oriental character, *e. g.*, gifts of official posts, decorations, and fine raiment; these last, it is explained, are "in order to show the masses the persons who have gained honor by their talents and genius." But the more practical reward was also suggested of granting to the authors or inventors the sole right to manufacture and sell their productions for a limited time.

In the same series of sheets Mr. Edward Bedloe, Consul at Canton, reports on Russia in the Chinese markets. He states that the American petroleum trade in China already suffers from Dutch and Russian competition, and the fear is expressed that the completion of the trans-Siberian railway will prove a "very grave menace" to our trade in China so far as cotton goods, kerosene, and flour are concerned. The Chinese are said to have bound themselves to charge one-third less import duty on all Russian goods entering China through Mantchuria than is paid on similar products from other foreign countries landed at Chinese ports. "Reasoning by analogy," Mr. Bedloe argues, we may profit by remembering that British trade in Khorassan and northeastern Persia has been ruined by the Russians, "not by means of preferential rates for Russian merchants, or lower import duties, or similar acts in violation of treaty rights to which exception could be taken, but by a rebate on Russian imported [*i. e.*, exported] cotton goods," on every pound of which the Russian manufacturer receives a Government allowance of three half-pence, which covers the cost of freight and leaves a penny per pound profit, to be added to the usual profit on these goods. Russia has thus killed competition, according to Mr. Bedloe, by the device of a countervailing grant, or bounty, in aid of her own industry, and he asks, "Why not help our American trade by similar means?"

On another page, however, in a letter from Consul-General Goodnow, Shanghai, in reply to an inquiry from a cotton firm in New Orleans, the writer states that he finds two great obstacles in the way of America doing business with China. The first difficulty is that the American firms do not take care to fill their orders exactly. "There is somewhat of a feeling at home, 'Oh, anything will do for the Chinese,'" while the fact is that there are no people more particular than the Chinese; and Mr. Goodnow further points out how necessary it is to have an agent on the ground in whom they can have confidence, and that this man, if he is wise, should know the trade and its demands and cater to it. In the second place, almost all English and German firms have an arrangement by which claims for damages from faulty packing, etc., are settled promptly through the arbitration of their consul at the place where the goods are delivered; whereas, in similar cases of damaged American goods, the Chinese dealer is forced to stand the loss rather than go to the expense and delay incident to suit or arbitration in the far-away United States.

The Photogravure and Color Co. of this city (241 W. 23d St.) send us two large plates representing the *Maine* in New York harbor and President McKinley respectively. The ship is the better picture; but enough remains, in the portrait, of the characteristic traits of the Executive now daily extolled in each new Republican party platform.

—*Scribner's* for October has for its principal features three war articles (all illustrated), by Richard Harding Davis, Capt. Arthur H. Lee, British military attaché, and James F. J. Archibald. Mr. Davis's articles are, we believe, shortly to appear as a book, and will then probably attract more attention than they have hitherto done. There is nothing more wonderful about the war with Spain (which, in political and military theory, is only suspended, not finished) than the liberty of criticism allowed by those who are in charge of it. We may easily defy any other country or time to produce such incidents as the "round robin," the story of the face-slapping of a general by a war correspondent, or the newspaper publications of Gen. Miles's friends. Mr. Davis, when a little boy, was perhaps taken to see the "Grande Duchesse," and if so, the impression left on his youthful brain by *General Boum* may have aided him in forming the estimate which he here gives of Gen. Shafter. He traverses the "unthinking" defence made of the General that "he was sent to Cuba to take Santiago, and he took Santiago," declaring, as an eye-witness of much of the campaign, that "he did not take Santiago." His troops took the hills above Santiago, according to Mr. Davis, without the aid "they should have received from him," and "Admiral Cervera, by running away and taking with him the guns which covered the city, made a present of it to the American army." On July 2 Gen. Shafter sent a "panic-stricken" despatch, expressing his desire to withdraw himself; and finally, as to his control of the operations which got the army into such a position as led to the Spanish surrender, "he did not see the battle of San Juan, nor direct the battle of San Juan, nor was he consulted by those who did." Verily, verily the *sequelæ* of the war promise to be worse than the war itself. How curiously does what we patriotically try to "hush up" blaze out in letters of fire!

—*Harper's* contains a second paper on "Social Life in the British Army," by "a British officer," which gives some curious information about the life in a crack cavalry regiment. What the writer shows, though without intending it, is that the love of luxury and display, so characteristic of "society" in England and America at the present day, and so much deplored as it shows itself in the universities on both sides of the water, is quite as much in evidence in the English army, whenever that is recruited from "society." A crack cavalry regiment, for instance, has polo for its fashionable sport, racing for one of its amusements, for its mess valuable plate. We hear of soldiers "dressed in livery," selected for their "smartness," "clean-shaved in defiance of regulations," soon picking up "the ways of the professional footman." Then there is the regimental coach, and there may be the regimental hounds. Altogether, a commission in a crack cavalry regiment is a berth fitted only for a wealthy man. In fact, the poor man cannot go into it. The article will make the half-starved, hard-worked Continental officer stare with wonder. But it is only one of the fruits of the enormous wealth that the English have managed to heap up. A beggarly German baron, who cannot marry money out of his own class, and cannot find any to marry in it, is no doubt much more aristocratic in a variety of ways than a young English "blood" in a cavalry regiment; but the latter gets most out of life, or thinks he does. "Our Future Policy" is a masterly protest against imperialism by ex-Secretary

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Carlisle. It ought to be reprinted and circulated by the million.

—In the *Atlantic*, the second instalment of the "Unpublished Letters of Carlyle," by Charles Townsend Copeland, is a distinct contribution to Carlyliana, and the admirers of Carlyle will probably feel that they owe a debt of gratitude to the editor. The impression created by Froude's curious mismanagement of his friend's memoirs has never hitherto been entirely effaced; what was needed for this purpose was some "intimate" traits of the man, showing his humanity and essential goodness of heart, such as are given in these letters. His correspondence with his mother is in a certain sense utterly irrelevant to his position as an historian or essayist, or indeed to anything literary, but no one can read the letters without feeling touched. Here we are not in the great world, but in a simple Scotch peasant's home; indeed, we feel rather like intruders. Carlyle himself would no doubt never have published such letters at all; but they show him for what he was in the closest relation of life, and we can only take our hats off and withdraw. Prof. A. V. Dicey has an interesting article on "England and America," in which he recurs to his plan of a common citizenship for the whole English-speaking people. This is a scheme which, he says himself, does not lie within the present range of practical politics; the habit of submitting all disputes to arbitration, especially if made binding by treaty, would do much to render a common citizenship unnecessary. The multiplication of sovereignties would do no one any harm if peace on earth, good will to men, were recognized as the first object of every government. On the other hand, with every nation armed to the teeth, would a common citizenship all over the world advance us much? It is chiefly men like Mr. Dicey himself who help the cause of Anglo-American unity on. Mr. Irving Babbitt contributes a paper on "The Correspondence of George Sand," in which he brings out the character of her mind very clearly by contrasting it with that of Flaubert.

—Those who like sea stories should read "A Storm at Sea," by H. Phelps Whitmarsh, in the *Century*. We have taken the liberty to ridicule Stephen Crane's marine realism, and it would not be difficult to prove our case by comparing the two writers' attempts to convey the impression made by a shipwreck adventure. Mr. Whitmarsh meets with no high-colored sounds nor shrieking odors, but his sea is the genuine ocean and his schooner is a real schooner. Charles Reade, Marryat, Russell, and others have described such before, and to any one who has ever been in danger of his life at sea the accent of verity in marine matters is unmistakable. The editor of the *Century* vouches, quite unnecessarily, for the truth of the narrative. We believe in the writer—as we do in his friend Capt. Blake of the schooner *Dolphin*, and the dinghy in which they were both picked up, after that ill-fated vessel had gone down—not because they are vouched for, but because things happen to them as things happen in real life, and because they behave as real people behave when in danger. There are several entertaining illustrated articles in the number, including one on Detaille, the military painter, accompanied by a number of unpublished sketches. Prof. Worcester continues his account of the Philippines, and confirms the impression that the climate of Manila is abominable, and that Anglo-Saxons will never go in any numbers to the Philippines. The English who go, or rather went, to India, to make their fortunes, like the Americans who at one time established great commercial houses in China, never went to stay, for the very good reason that they could not bring up their children there. If there is anything proved about the Anglo-Saxon race, it is that it will not "settle" in the tropics and "grow up with the place."

—Mrs. Kate Freiligrath-Kroeker has published in a recent number of *Cosmopolis* an article on her father's work as a translator. With the rapid increase of publications of all kinds the output of translations has kept pace, and in this cosmopolitan century no work can gain even a moderate reputation in its native land without experiencing one or more transmutations into the idioms of other countries. On the whole, it may be said that there has been a gain in scholarly accuracy, but the translators of the olden time, in spite of a somewhat irreverent treatment of the text, produced versions of such idiomatic vigor that no tell-tale traces were left of the language from which they came. The so-called "Tudor translations" bear witness to this. And now, in these days of multitudinous and careless renderings; it is a wholesome thing to call attention to the reverent fidelity and untiring labor which the poet Freiligrath brought to what a German philosopher called "a sacred task." In the case of versified versions it must be borne in mind that, except for the occasional potboiling of the impecunious, no human being is under obligation to render into his native tongue the verses of a foreign poet. When, therefore, it is done, it should be done well, since excellence is its only excuse for being. In Germany a certain national conscientiousness, aided by the almost Greek pliability of the language, has enriched the literature with model translations until it has come to be known as a key to the literatures of the world. Germany possesses probably a greater number of faithful and vitalized translations of foreign masterpieces than all the other literatures put together, although, as in the case of Matthew Arnold's assertion that conduct constitutes three-fourths of human life, it would be difficult to verify mathematically the exactness of the statement. To this general excellence of German versions the fact that poets, men with a true reverence for the craft, have laid hand upon the work, has in no small measure contributed. Goethe, Schiller, and, before all, Herder, have labored in this field, and Schlegel, in his marvellous rendering of Shakspere, reached, especially in "Othello" and "Lear," the highest perfection to which it would seem possible to attain.

—In the front rank among the poet-translators of Germany stands Ferdinand Freiligrath. Translation was with him almost as imperious a passion as the impulse to original composition. He was practically the first to introduce Tennyson to the German public. Longfellow, too, was a favorite; indeed, the list of the poets of France and England whose poems Freiligrath translated is long and varied. Chief among them is Burns. He knew that some poems were untranslatable, and these, after heartbreaking efforts, he heroically abandoned, but he attacked every difficulty before allowing it to daunt him. The most notable example of an inspired rendering of a single line is the refrain, "For a' that and a' that," "Trotz alledem und alledem." This phrase became a kind of campaign cry in the Revolutionary days half a century ago, and Freiligrath, who had it engraved on his seal, was jealous of his right to its authorship. "The fact is," he wrote, "that the great mass of the reading public has no conception of what poetical translation really means." He subjected himself to the severest restrictions, following the original metre with the utmost exactness, and reproducing even the internal assonances and alliterations. A careful study of methods like these on the part of the wretched bricklayers of verse who furnish music-publishers with their ludicrous versions of French and German songs, would bring at least a measure of relief to a long-suffering public. Freiligrath was justly indignant at the helpless rendering of "Hark, hark, the lark" for Schubert's music, but confessed his own inability to translate it as it should be translated. What would he have said to most of our English travesties of Germany's most exquisite lyrics? Renderings from the Latin tongues may demand a little more latitude of treatment. Rhymed couplets, as in the case of "Cyrano de Bergerac," would have a disturbing effect in English, however perfectly executed. Miss Gertrude Hall, in her version of "Cyrano," has accordingly chosen a strong prose style, while in the version published by Heinemann a confused and bungling rhythm has been adopted as a substitute for Rostand's flowing lines. Creative works like Fitzgerald's "Omar" belong to a different class. His work is an English variation on a Persian theme, and not a transcription at all. But as a specimen of strictly faithful, purely idiomatic, and entirely flawless translation, let one read Freiligrath's rendering of the "Ancient Mariner," which he made at the age of nineteen. Mrs. Kroeker's article is a valuable vade-mecum for our professional interpreters.

—A note of alarm regarding foreign commerce in China is sounded by Dr. Paul Goldmann in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Chinese merchants, he says, are gradually and quietly crowding out their foreign competitors in the trade with the interior. They begin as clerks in foreign houses, learn the language and the tricks of trade, make themselves useful as "compradors," and soon gain as much—sometimes twice as much—by each transaction as their chiefs. Many of the finest villas in the European quarters of Chinese cities have already passed into the hands of native merchants, and the doctor foresees the time when foreigners will be known only as clerks. Another correspondent of the same paper calls attention to the remarkable growth of the vernacular newspaper press in Chinese cities. Among the earliest were some missionary organs. Then came secular papers, all started with foreign capital, but passing soon under native control. Shanghai has already five Chinese newspapers, and the indications are that others will rapidly follow, as was the case in Japan when once the floodgates were opened. The typesetters, printers, and most of the editors are natives, and the tone of the papers, even though they are run with foreign capital, is usually hostile to the foreign devils. There are newspapers for educated families; cheap sensational papers, appealing to the vulgar; papers that make a

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specialty of advertising, and in Shanghai also a comic weekly containing about twenty pages of pictures and a few pages of text. The daily papers have leaders, local news, correspondence from Chinese cities, and foreign intelligence, but there is as yet no direct telegraphic service, the dispatches being copied from Japanese papers and the English papers printed in China. These dispatches are always credited conscientiously to their source. Letters to the editor asking for information are also a popular feature, and betray a lively popular interest in all sorts of topics. As a specimen of the kind of topics discussed editorially, the correspondent gives the substance of a memorial to the Chinese Emperor by a Japanese, which has been much commented on. It calls attention to the fact that the European Powers are on the point of dividing China among themselves and wrecking the ruling power; that Japan, too, was once in the same danger, but escaped it by adopting European institutions, and especially by organizing an army on foreign models; argues that China, to escape ruin, must do the same thing; and calls the Emperor's attention to the case of Sweden and Charles XII. and to Plutarch's account of Alexander the Great.

## ROYCE'S ESSAYS.

*Studies of Good and Evil;* A Series of Essays upon Problems of Philosophy and Life. By Josiah Royce, Professor of the History of Philosophy in Harvard University. D. Appleton & Co. 1898.

As if fearing that his "indolent reviewers" would not read all his essays in this volume, Prof. Royce has written an elaborate introduction, and possibly those will be most successful in reviewing him who stick closely to that, which gives an admirable account of each separate article, and endeavors (with some waste of ingenuity) to relate them all to the main title of his book. They are, in fact, of diverse character. Four of them, all in the vanguard, are "Studies of Good and Evil," clearly enough, while the ninth article, "An Episode of Early California Life: The Squatter Riot of 1850 in Sacramento," is a study of evil only within certain narrow limits. The tenth and twelfth articles are biographical and critical studies of Meister Eckhart, the scholastic mystic, and Jean Marie Guyau, the young French philosopher whose early death so touched his brilliant life with pity and regret.

The ninth article, "Originality and Consciousness," is much less abstract and difficult than Prof. Royce's account of it in his introduction, and those who are scared away from it by that account will lose what is certainly the pleasantest chapter in the book, and the one that comes most clearly within the range of practical ethics, albeit the ethics of the intellect. Written for the *Harvard Monthly*, it is possible that this article makes some concession to the weakness of the undergraduate mind; but in general Prof. Royce will be found as clear as anybody when he is writing of simple matters, and only difficult when he is penetrating mysteries for the expression of which language is too dull an instrument. The thesis in this article is that the conscious wish and intent to be original is one of the most powerful enemies of effective originality in art or life of any kind. "It is Life, and not Consciousness, that, in us men, is the originator." But there are happy moments in the thinker's and the artist's life, in the man-of-action's, too, and, when they come, to bid them stay is to achieve the originality which no deliberate volition can effect.

"I have supposed," says Prof. Royce, "that the essays from the fifth to the ninth in the present volume might serve to contribute in a genuine way to the issues suggested by my title," but he confesses that these essays lead us into "very theoretical regions, where the ethical problems are, for the time being, in the background." They are very far in the background, and the only ethical implication of these articles, except the fifth and ninth, is through the fact that "consciousness is the basis of all the good and evil that we human beings know." They are all studies of self-consciousness in one aspect or another, and are as stiffly metaphysical as Prof. Royce can be in his most characteristic mood. If one wants a good intellectual gymnastic he will find it here if anywhere in contemporary philosophy, but not a few will find these exercises somewhat dizzying in the intricacy of their involutions. The first of the three essays which are exclusively metaphysical, is Prof. Royce's contribution to the discussion which was excited by Huxley's 'Romanes Lecture.' Its subject is "Natural Law, Ethics, and Evolution." Huxley could find no ethics in the cosmical process; he declared the cosmic process to be anti-ethical, and for much of the way in his essay Prof. Royce keeps Huxley company. Conceive the cosmical process as one of describably rigid law, and then, he says, the ethical process can form no part of it. It is utterly opposed to the cosmical process so conceived. But (and here Prof. Royce parts company with Huxley and combats his general position) the opposition resides entirely in the ethical point of view which desires novelty, progress, the unattained ideal; and "against such things there is no law" in the cosmical process. Merely to state this is not to make it plain, but that it is so to Prof. Royce those who read his essay carefully will generally agree.

The sixth, seventh, and eighth essays are even more remote, if possible, from practical ethics than the fifth, and more profoundly metaphysical. They are entitled "The Implications of Self-Consciousness," "The Anomalies of Self-Consciousness," and "Self-Consciousness, Social Consciousness, and Nature." They are intimately related, and have for their common note the Hegelian interpretation of man as an essentially social being. "It is not the goal but the course that makes us happy," said Jean Paul, and not a few, we imagine, will find an illustration of the proverb in these fine-spun disquisitions. The doctrine of the first essay of this series is that "there is and can be only one complete Self, and that all finite selves and their objects are organically related to this Self, are moments of its completeness, thoughts in its thought, wills in its will, individual elements in the life of the absolute individual." The same doctrine has been urged in Prof. Royce's 'Religious Aspect of Philosophy' and his 'Spirit of Modern Philosophy,' and, with much more elaboration, in his part of 'The Conception of God,' a discussion in which he took part with Professors Howison, Le Conte, and Mezes, endeavoring to show that human personality is not an illusive bubble on the surface of the Infinite Reality. He did not succeed to the satisfaction of Prof. Howison, with whom many of their readers will agree. But the discussion there, as here, was proof how strong was Prof. Royce's (possibly illusory) sense of his own "life in himself"; and of that sense, and of his sense in general of the reality of human personality, we have abundant proof here in these essays, and much more in the closing sections of 'Spirit of Modern Philosophy.'

The argument of the article on the anomalies of self-consciousness is that self-conscious functions are all of them in their finite, human, and primary aspect social functions, due to the habits of human intercourse. In the next following essay we hark back to the one immediately preceding for much of the way, and there are some delightful paradoxes to the effect that we cannot be egoistic without being altruistic. "I can aim, for instance, to be a political 'boss.' That appears to be a very egoistic aim. But the political 'boss' exists by the suffrages of interested people, and must aim at their conscious, even if illusory, sense of advantage in so far as he wills them to be sincerely interested." But this essay goes beyond the preceding, first as showing that, except through our social relations, we can get no idea of the non-Ego which we call nature, and then in arguing for a Self of which nature is to us the visible experience. "No evidence can indicate nature's inner reality without also indicating that this reality is, like that of our own experience, conscious, organic, full of clear contrasts, definite." On the way from the social ego to this inner Self of things we have a doctrine which suggests the mind-stuff theory of Kingdon Clifford, but which Prof. Royce carefully distinguishes from that: "Natural objects, if they are real to us at all, are prima facie simply other finite beings, who are, so to speak, not in our social set, and who communicate to us, not their minds, but their presence." So stated, this doctrine appears fanciful, but it appears less so when Prof. Royce's skilful dialectic is brought to bear upon it. This essay concludes with considerations that really constitute a separate essay, which has a kind of cousinship with the doctrine of Prof. Cope and Mr. Charles Peirce that the laws of Nature are fixed habits which she has gradually acquired. Prof. Royce is not so sure that they are fixed; imagining that our conviction that they are so is possibly an illusion of our contracted "apperceptive span," while in reality the world is one of mingled permanence and novelty. Whereupon, will not the miracle-mongers cry, "He has become as one of us"?

Turning now to those essays which most clearly justify the title of the book, the first of these—first in the book also—"The Problem of Job"—is an attempt to solve that problem by identifying the sufferings of mankind with the sufferings of God: "When you suffer, *your sufferings are God's sufferings*, not his external work, not his external penalty, not the fruit of his neglect, but identically his own personal woe. In you God himself suffers, precisely as you do, and has all your concern in overcoming this grief." This is less doubtful consolation when it is urged that God is God in virtue of his triumph over evil, and we most God-like through our coöperation with him on this line. All this is worked out much more effectively than here in the concluding sections of Prof. Royce's 'Spirit of Modern Philosophy.' And however elsewhere

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he may seem to merge our human personality in God's, his sense of it here, and wherever the same thought is prominent, is as rigorous and strenuous as we could wish. Strangely enough we breathe the same moral atmosphere as in Prof. William James's 'Will to Believe'; we have the same conviction that we have there that it is a real fight in which we are engaged; we are in the procession, not mere lookers-on.

Prof. Royce has a very stout abhorrence of what he calls "pseudo-idealism," the idealism which explains away the sin and evil of the world as illusions of our subjectivity. He wrestles with them, like Jacob with the angel in the dark. He will not let them go unless they bless him. He is happier in his pessimism than are the optimists in their optimism. His third essay, on "Tennyson and Pessimism," compares the "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" with the first "Locksley Hall," and finds the pessimism of the second poem healthier than the optimism of the first, because the evil is recognized as something we can master and control, and the good is something that will come because we will to have it come. This paper also was written for the *Harvard Monthly*, and the young men who read it must have felt their hearts knocking against their ribs in no unmanly fashion. In the Job article various solutions of the problem of evil are reviewed and set aside. Some that are extremely popular in the pulpit are subjected to satirical analysis and hilariously laughed to scorn. Prof. Royce makes no pretence that his solution is any of those offered in the book of Job, where we have three at least.

"The Case of John Bunyan" is an essay in cerebral pathology, an account of Bunyan's spiritual miseries which hardly seems to justify the labor spent upon it. "The Knowledge of Good and Evil" pleads in the true Hegelian spirit for knowledge as in itself an unmixed good. How the knowledge of evil can be made subservient to virtue, while yet we may not continue in sin that grace may abound, is shown in a very pretty piece of exposition. But Prof. Royce is not equally satisfactory in his making all virtue identical with struggle and victory. In his despite we must believe that the best man is the man who is good with the least effort.

It is a long way from these abstract considerations to such an essay as that on the Sacramento riots of 1850. The essay is an expansion of certain parts of the concluding chapter of Prof. Royce's 'California' in the series of State histories. It was written for that and proved disproportionately long. Even as printed here it is too long for the importance of the matter. It is interesting to find Dr. Charles Robinson, of Kansas fame, the leading rioter. Prof. Royce praises him and damns with amusing incongruity. But his account of him makes it easier to understand how at one time Robinson could praise John Brown to the skies, and years afterward execrate his memory. Evidently Robinson had no ethical "wholeness of tissue." Prof. Royce's concluding essay, "Jean Marie Guyau," is more than an extremely sympathetic appreciation of a brilliant young philosopher. It contains some general reflections on the operation of the French as compared with the German and English mind that are extremely pertinent, praising it for its superior fearlessness. Guyau's 'L'Irreligion de l'Avenir,' a translation of which has recently been published in America, is highly commended, while the title is criticised as misleading. Prof. Royce tells us that he should unhesitatingly call Guyau's opinions religious if they were his own, for the reason that he should himself see in them what Guyau saw, the fulfilment in reasonable form of what the religious instinct of humanity has been seeking. But in these days, when so many are using the old names to obscure the new thought, it is refreshing to find a writer loving frankness so much that he exaggerates his difference from the conventional type.

## RECENT NOVELS.

*A Christmas Accident*, and Other Stories. By Annie Eliot Trumbull. A. S. Barnes & Co.

*Tales of the City Room.* By Elizabeth G. Jordan. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Judith Moore.* By Joanna E. Wood. Toronto: The Ontario Publishing Co.

*Spun-Yarn.* By Morgan Robertson. Harper & Bros.

*Caleb West, Master Diver.* By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*The Red Bridge Neighborhood.* By Maria Louise Pool. Harper & Bros.

*The Man Who Outlived Himself.* By Albion W. Tourgée. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

*The Imported Bridegroom*, and Other Stories of the New York Ghetto. By Abraham Cahan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*At You-All's House:* A Missouri Nature Story. By James Newton Baskett. Macmillan. 1898.

*The Looms of Time.* By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. D. Appleton & Co. 1898.

*Willowbrake.* By R. Murray Gilchrist. London: Methuen & Co.

*Rose à Charlitte:* An Acadian Romance. By Marshall Saunders. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

"If the effect of Christmas could be depended upon to last into the summer, this would be a very different sort of world," says Miss Trumbull. Perhaps it does last far enough to prevent the possibility of a critical attitude towards a Christmas story in early autumn. What has the cold scrutiny of a muggy September to do with the glowing activities of the Christmas-tide? Let the cruel turn gentle, the miser prodigal, and the curmudgeon take on a heart of graciousness on the evening of December 24. We shall find no improbability, moral or literary, therein. If it is not so, it ought to be so, and Christmas stories may help to make it so. Thus much for the sketch which gives Miss Trumbull's volume its name. Its followers are of varying interest and merit, an especial charm attaching to the "Memoir of Mary Twining," a portrait of a last-century girl in delicately sombre tints. Some New England coast oddities are cleverly drawn; some complex contrasts of youth and middle age less well because less spontaneously. None of the papers, however, are without an engaging quality and a twinkle of the eye, so to speak, which make them pleasant reading.

An art critic has defined a realist as one having a native gift for science who has taken to art; a definition which may be quoted, by no means in disparagement, in noticing Miss Jordan's sketches of journalistic life. If the details of the newspaper office and the incidents that befall the woman reporter come under the general classification of facts, the writer's knack at grouping and combining them has assuredly something of the artist. Infinite curiosity is the motive power of the time. The reporter being the stoker who feeds the power, the author who reports the reporter is as near to the *Zeit-Geist* as flesh can come to spirit. Miss Jordan has done her reporting interestingly, tastefully, and picturesquely, with due deference to the claims of the real and the romantic.

'Judith Moore' reminds one of a pale water-color in a white frame with pink corners. It is about a prima donna who went for a summer rest to a secluded Canadian village, drank new milk and practised "isolated notes or short crescendos" alone under the trees. That is, the cunning author would have us know that she thinks she is alone. But even an agnostic would venture to affirm that a brawny son of toil, one of nature's noblemen, heard her as he was sowing seed, "hand and foot moving in rhythm, and cadenced by the sharp swish, swish of the grain as it left his hand." Inasmuch as she sings and he sows in rhythm, the story proclaims itself musical in part. There is, besides, the village with a host of rustic characters and rustic comicalities, presented jerkingly, but with an evident love of fun; there is the landscape, affectionately dwelt upon, and, finally, there is the writing, which, when not busy with the village, soars above the village level to such heights as these: "It was a simple and austere melody, yet endued with a peculiar pathos, the yearning of a defrauded life for the joy that should have crowned it, the regret of a barren present for a fruitful past, the wail of the must-be for the might-have-been." Now, the woods are full of such as admire this sort of thing, and they can have their fill in this little book, which, whatever its limitations, has the merits of brevity and cleanliness.

'Spun-Yarn' contains far and away the best sea stories we have read since Kipling's. They are reminiscent of his, possibly, but mainly in merit, not matter, and also because of a mystical, half-grumbling, half-sentimental introduction which seems to refer to Kipling, and which might advantageously have been omitted. The book is quite marked and original enough to stand on its own resources, and its whining preface explaining its existence does it injustice. The stories are largely of men cast away on deserted craft, and might be termed inverted shipwrecks. They are strongly conceived, absorbingly interesting, and abounding in cold thrills. Even the old hand at marine mysteries, if we are not mistaken, will find veritable sensations awaiting him here; the more stirring because of the excellently restrained manner in which the narration goes forward—such a manner as insures conviction of the wildest improbabilities. Horrors there are, of course. Yarn spun at sea is not for the weak of nerve, but your eater of strong meat will find nothing unpalatable, and your lady reader who objects to technicalities can skim lightly over some of the belaying-pins, anchor-stocks, quarter-bitts, clove-hitches, ram-bows, and sponsons. She will read untrammelled by a chaperone, as, saving the briefest appearance of a sailor's aged mother, there is not a woman in the book. This fable teaches that though all the world loves a lover,

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there may be written a book thoroughly interesting without one.

'Caleb West,' for instance, is an example of a book that would have been better minus the love element. So long as a light-house is the hero and a diver his prophet, the story is admirable and delightful. But the social element, the bachelor quarters in New York, the Venetian flagons and floral monograms, bring in an air of the journalistic society column which is dissatisfying, a dissatisfaction not allayed by the scenes laid on lower social strata, the Industrious-Apprentice, Rake's-Progress effects which even the pretty kitchen interiors cannot make quite real. One likes to escape from the cocktails and silken cushions of Mrs. Leroy's yacht, and from the superhumanly saintly forgiveness of Caleb West and the preternaturally patient ever-cooking of Aunty Bell, to the slippery rocks of Shark's Ledge and the company of fish revealed to Caleb at the bottom of Long Island Sound. The melodramatic note, too, uttered in the story of the old diver's young wife, is rather like a children's symphony performed on toy instruments—at once artificial and weak. Neither does the presence of an old friend, Major Slocomb, confer the unalloyed pleasure which he endowed an early sketch withal. He is too thin to be thus long. But if the characters are somewhat savorless, still the book is saved by salt; and we defy any one who follows the admirably told tale of wonders that we are too apt to scan with inadequate amazement, not to doff his hat whenever thereafter he sees either a diver or a light-house.

In Miss Pool's last book there is the tale of colossal sorrow invading the lives of simple folk; country manners and world-wide griefs; New England dialect and the tragic muse. Miss Pool's rustics are well known, and so is the strong and unswerving touch with which, having created a morbid situation, she meets it. The text of this story is Avarice, with its attendant train of horrors. The sadness, never absent from her writings, is heightened, as one follows this novel to its close, by the knowledge that soon after finishing it she laid down her pen for all time.

The three stories in Judge Tourgée's little volume have all the ease and flow to be expected from his pen, and all his originality of topic as well as treatment. We have found them more original, perhaps, than absorbing, though they fairly hold the attention, and show a close observation and intimate knowledge of various phases of nature and humanity. A striking yet not repulsive study of insanity may be quoted as an instance of what the pen of a skilled workman can accomplish by doing and by omitting; while the description of a snowstorm in "Poor Joel Pike" is an equally effective achievement in the portrayal of a beautiful aspect of nature.

The mere sight of the word "Ghetto," nowadays, sits heavily on the literary spirits. The American fashion of converting a novelty into an antique in twenty minutes obtains in the field of fiction no less than elsewhere, and for a few years past we have had Ghetto stories from Greenland's icy mountain to India's coral strand written or translated by the tireless American pen. The New York east-side Jew, with his adjacent but never mingled poetry and sordidness, product of the Old Testament and Chatham Street, the peddler with his Pentateuch, is as familiar to our magazine pages as to the dwellers in university settlements. Striking, indeed, must be the stories of this people that set to vibrating a new chord in readers' consciousness. Yet this is what Abraham Cahan's collection of five Ghetto sketches has done. Their novel effect is partly because of the clever selection of his themes, and even more because there is always a glint of the link between the east-side Jew and his native Russia. These sordid, devout, oppressed, or successful Asriels, Reubens, and Davids, who recite Kaddish, twist their oily side-locks, press trousers, and lay up money to buy plush furniture, once had homes and parents in far-away Kieff or Kropovetz. Their mothers still live there, perhaps, rejoicing in the tidings of the Brussels carpets of their American children; their ancestral graves at all events are there, summoning their thoughts continually across the seas. The past, the distance, are used in a peculiarly telling way as a background against which stand forth with double impressiveness the modern features of Bayard and Hester Streets. The Oriental learning, or reverence for him who has it, pervades the heart of every one of these only half-occidentalized children of Israel. They desire that their sons-in-law should have Talmudical learning, even though they themselves sell flour and their daughters call their sweethearts "birdie boy." Mr. Cahan has possessed himself of several freshly interesting episodes out of which to build his stories, and has made a forcible combination of story and race photography in every instance.

A book which offers authentic first-hand observation of nature is never devoid of charm even when, as in Mr. Baskett's Missouri "Nature Story," humanity is less fortunately dealt with. One can forgive the impossibly priggish schoolmistress for the sake of the field-lore which even her sententious lips cannot make commonplace. The Missouri summer unfolds before our eyes more consequently than Dolly, under whose sunbonnet her neighbor Shan is not allowed to peep in April, while October finds her discussing the mysteries of the Immaculate Conception with the visiting engineer. Mr. Mabie, in his contributed introduction, points out that Missouri has hitherto suffered slight through lack of representation in the gallery hung with portraits of her sister States. Her reproach is now taken away, but one shrinks from a logical application of this idea which would add new terrors to our imperial policy.

Those who ask to be thrilled and are not too exacting in the matter of verisimilitude, will find gratification in Mrs. Hugh Fraser's romance, 'The Looms of Time.' The plot hinges on the attempt of a Chilian bailiff to pass himself off as the master of an estate after having murdered the real owner, a young orphan lad half his own age. That the villain Carlos could succeed in imposing himself on old family servants, after five years' absence, by wearing smoked glasses and a heavy beard, every generous reader of romance will allow, but what is one to make of the unaccountable action of the heiress, sister of the murdered boy? Arriving on the scene from England, at first deceived but finally dispossessing the villain to the accompaniment of Andean thunders, floods, and earthquakes, she then absolutely refuses to permit the working of the gold mine for which so much crime has been wrought. "It has done harm enough already," she declares, and turns her back for ever upon the cavern whose walls are glittering with the yellow metal. Nor are we given any hint that her betrothed, a young English captain, did not entirely acquiesce in her decision. The style in which all this is told is simple and direct, and some vivid glimpses of Chilian landscape add merit to the book.

Not often does the time-honored English theme of a noble family haunted by a claimant to the estate produce a book of such vapidity as 'Willowbrake.' Further description were to "draw up custard by a hook"—an attempt from which Epictetus warns us.

The growing popularity of the summer trip to Evangeline's country no doubt explains the existence of 'Rose à Charlitte,' a "novel of locality," as the phrase now is. Its inordinate length is more difficult of justification even from an advertiser's point of view. Five hundred pages of flabbiness, while they enable one painfully to realize the long years of waiting for the final happiness of Rose à Charlitte and her lover, are rather more than the tourist cares to undertake. The enthusiasm of the author for her theme is evident, but its more judicious application might have resulted in a wider audience for her descriptions of the excellence of Acadian inns, the beauty of Acadian landladies, the spirit of romance so easily invoked by the Basin of Minas.

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*The Life of Napoleon the Third.* By Archibald Forbes. Dodd, Mead & Co. [1898.]

The war correspondent bears to the historian a relation like that of the kodak and the painting, and Mr. Forbes's success as a war correspondent might lead one to suppose that he could scarcely write a good history. This is not the case, however, for in this Life of Napoleon III. he has produced a creditable historical work—a much better history than Blanchard Jerrold's, for instance, and one that can be recommended as the best in English on this subject. The style, too, although sometimes journalistic, is in the main sturdy and concrete. Mr. Forbes does not add any new elements to Napoleon III.'s portrait, but he shows that he is familiar with many of the sources, in French and in English, from which a true portrait may some time be made. Since much material concerning the Third Empire has recently been unlocked, it is to be regretted that Mr. Forbes has given no references, even where he quotes at considerable length. Perhaps he feared that foot-note references might detract from the popular character of his book.

A more serious, because structural, defect is the lack of proportion which appears in the treatment of different parts of Napoleon's career. Thus the Strasbourg and Boulogne incidents are described in greater detail than the *Coup d'État*, and the military operations of the short-lived Mexican Empire occupy more space than the account of those political transformations in France herself which marked the decay of Napoleon's despotism. Similarly, a reader unacquainted with the Carbonaro conspiracies would infer, from Mr. Forbes, that Napoleon and his brother played very conspicuous parts in the revolt of 1831, whereas they were merely subordinate plotters. On the other hand, Mr. Forbes's chapters on the Franco-German war are admirable. Rarely have the events leading up to the declaration of war been described more succinctly, and the nar-

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rative of Napoleon's miserable collapse, between Gravelotte and Sedan, is remarkably good. One would have to search history widely to find a parallel in abjectness and incompetence to the last three weeks of Louis Napoleon's emperorship; and Mr. Forbes, by telling this story straightforwardly, has made it impressive enough for even the casual reader to understand its bearing.

Mr. Forbes does not try to solve the enigma of Louis Napoleon's character. Kinglake, judging him by his deeds, has written him down a villain; Jerrold, judging him by the fine phrases in his proclamations, has made him out a benefactor of mankind. Which is right? This mystery, felt by every one in dealing with Napoleon, makes him still interesting after we have mastered the external events of his career. Mr. Forbes falls in with the recent fashion of attributing Napoleon's decline and fall partly to the disease which tormented him from 1862 on. We think this a mistake. Napoleon III. did not change his methods when disease came upon him; had he kept his health up to 1870, there is no reason to suppose that he would have been less perfidious, or less truculent, or less unsuccessful. It would be well if the chapters of Mr. Forbes's book which relate to his imperial schemes could be widely pondered by our people to-day. His Mexican empire seems the prototype of our prospective Philippine empire. *Absit omen!*

A word should be said of the excellent illustrations to this volume. There are thirty half-tone portraits, all of historical value, and nearly all well executed. But there is no index.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Atherton, Gertrude. The Californians: A Novel. John Lane. $1.50.
Bayliss, Sir W. Rex Regum: A Painter's Study of the Likeness of Christ. London: Geo. Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Chamberlain, Mellen. John Adams, and Other Essays and Addresses. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Ellinwood, T. J. Autobiographical Reminiscences of Henry Ward Beecher. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 75c.
Fitzmaurice Kelly, J. History of Spanish Literature. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Gardiner, P. A Drummer's Parlor Stories. New York: A. P. Gardiner.
Hall, Ruth. In the Brave Days of Old. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Johnston, Mary. Prisoners of Hope: A Tale of Colonial Virginia. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Kaemmerer L. Hubert und Jan Van Eyck. Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Monte, Rev. C. C. G. Colossian Studies. Armstrong. $1.75.
More, P. E. A Century of Indian Epigrams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.
Morris, C. Historical Tales. Russian. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Morris, C. Historical Tales. Japan and China. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Moses, Prof. Bernard. The Establishment of Spanish Rule in America. Putnams. $1.25.
Mott, W. F. A Queen of Sinners. G. W. Dillingham Co. 50c.
Mundo, H. The Recovered Continent. New ed. Columbus, O.: Harper-Osgood Co. 25c.
Musgrove, Charles H. The Dream Beautiful, and Other Poems. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co.
Norris, W. E. The Widower. D. Appleton & Co. $1.
Paton, Rev. James. The Story of John G. Paton. Told for Young Folks. Armstrong. $1.
Perry, W. C. The Women of Homer. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.
Pickford, Mrs. A. M. Lucy Broad's Choice. American Tract Society. $1.25.
Pike, G. R. The Divine Drama: The Manifestation of God in the Universe. Macmillan. $1.50.
Pinocchio's Adventures in Wonderland. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co. 30c.
Primer, Prof. S. Goethe's Egmont. Macmillan. 60c.
Purcell, E. S. Life of Cardinal Manning. New ed. 2 vols. Macmillan. $3.50.
Robinson, Mrs. H. H. Loom and Spindle; or, Life among the Early Mill Girls. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Slosson, Annie T. Fishin' Jimmy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.
Smith, Prof. W. B. Infinitesimal Analysis. Vol. I. Macmillan. $3.25.
Stanley, H. M. Essays on Literary Art. London: Sonnenschein; Chicago: Hayes, Cooke & Co.
Stanwood, Edward. A History of the Presidency. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.
Strutemeyer, E. Under Dewey at Manila. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Swift, B. The Destroyer. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.25.
Taylor, H. Origin and Growth of the English Constitution. Vol. II. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.50.
Tennyson, Lord. Poetic and Dramatic Works. [Cambridge Edition.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Thackeray, W. M. Contributions to "Punch," etc. [Biographical Edition.] Harper & Bros. $1.75.
The Legal Revolution of 1902. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. $1.00.
Thomson, Prof. J. J. Discharge of Electricity through Gases. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.
Tocqueville, A. de. Democracy in America. 2 vols. The Century Co. $5.00.
Tolstoy, L. N. The Christian Teaching. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Tomlinson, E. G. The Boys of Old Monmouth. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Tschudi, Clara. Marie Antoinette. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $2.50.
Van Rensselaer, Mrs. J. K. The Goede Vrouw of Mana-ha-ta at Home and in Society. 1609-1760. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.
Vivian, T. J. The Fall of Santiago. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
Westcott, E. N. David Harum: A Story of American Life. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Wilson, L. L. W. History Reader for Elementary Schools. Macmillan. 60c.
Winkler, Prof. M. Goethe's Egmont, together with Schiller's Essays. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.00.


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